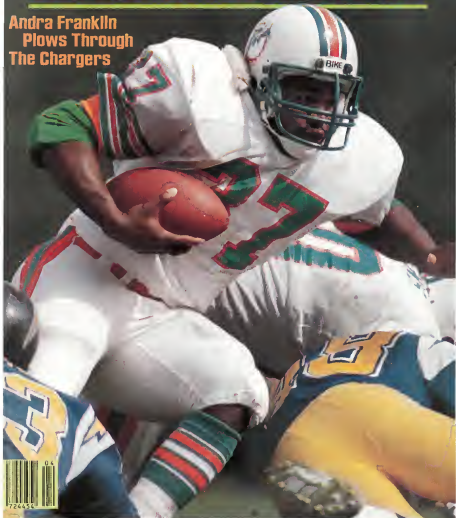


# Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 24, 1963 \$1.75

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



BOB CUNNINGHAM IN HIS STUDIO—PHYSICALLY, ANYWAY

In a sunny, paint-perfumed studio on the fourth floor of a Greenwich Village walk-up, Artist Bob Cunningham created the pictures for Sam Moses' story on trapper Oscar Cronk, which begins on page 94. As his wife, Jean, a fashion illustrator, worked in the next room, Cunningham took his customary work stance—"On one leg, like a big bird," says Jean—and let his imagination carry him from the Village to the wilds of Maine.

Cunningham may have been far from Cronk's two-room shack, but he's accustomed to working at a distance from his subject. Like most commercial artists, Cunningham re-creates scenes by piecing together images the text conjures up in his mind. "I remember a book excerpt for SI when all I had to work with was the manuscript and the author's last name," Cunningham says. "Since that was also an outdoors piece, I decided to put a beard on the author." When he brought the paintings in he learned that *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* was written by Annie Dillard.

Cunningham is so meticulous that such mistakes are rare. In doing this week's paintings he did have reference photos of Cronk, his shack and his dog, and he spent hours in The American Museum of Natural History and The New York Public Library. He

even contacted the Maine Department of Conservation for pictures "of the way snow falls on a tree."

Cunningham, born 58 years ago in Herington, Kans., attended the University of Kansas and the Kansas City Art Institute and then came to New York to study at the Art Students League. He also worked part-time in a mannequin factory, painting faces—though not beards—on the male figures. "They found that when women painted a man's face, they had too sweet a touch," he says.

His first break as a commercial artist came when

his wife shared a cab with an ad agency art director who was looking for someone to do the illustrations for a men's outerwear account. Cunningham frantically assembled a portfolio and landed the job. He approached SI in 1964, but it was a year before we gave him an assignment, on goose hunting (Oct. 4, 1965). He has since worked on some 20 other stories for SI and has an array of corporate clients that reads like a selection from the Fortune 500, though his most widely known work may be the 1980 Olympic stamps he designed for the U.S. Postal Service.

Despite his commercial success, Cunningham is still working to refine his painting. He has been doing studies of cadavers: "When you look at the hand of a living person," he says, extending paint-stained fingers, "all you see is the hand. With a cadaver you can reach in, pull a tendon and see how the hand moves." Betraying another passion, classical music, he says, "The paintings are like a symphony, whereas the studies are like a cello sonata."

Here at SI we're looking forward to a lot more concertizing.

*Philip D. Howard*

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EDITED BY ROBERT W. GREAMER

## FUROR IN SAN DIEGO: A TESTING PROBLEM FOR THE NCAA

Joe Paterno of Penn State became the focus of heated debate in San Diego last week at the NCAA's annual convention when he made an impassioned speech in favor of the suddenly controversial Proposal 48. Many presidents of historically black colleges opposed Proposal 48, which says that beginning in August 1986, to be eligible for varsity competition an incoming athlete must have scored at least 700 on his SATs (or 15 on his ACTs) and have had a 2.0 high school average in a specific number of college preparatory courses. The black-college presidents charged that tests like the SATs and ACTs are culturally biased against blacks (about 56% of black high school students attain SAT scores below 700) and that under Proposal 48 black-college athletes would have to have higher scores than other students.

The black opposition moved Paterno to say, "It's unfortunate we're talking black and white. I hope this doesn't run our friendship, but it's for your own good. I have 33 years' experience at an institution that is predominantly white, but I have had the privilege of working with great black players. I'm really surprised to see black leaders standing here and selling their black students down the river, selling them short. They underestimate these young people and what great competitors they are. I have no doubt that if an SAT score of 700 is needed, and they have the time to prepare, they will compete and they will succeed. . . . We've told black kids who bounce balls, run around tracks and catch touchdown passes that that is an end unto itself. We've raped them. We can't afford to do it to another generation."

In effect, Proposal 48, which passed overwhelmingly, is telling high schools to upgrade their academic preparation of college-bound athletes. It's hard to fault that idea, but the largely black institutions have good reason to feel threatened. Dr. Jesse Stone Jr., president of Southern University, charged that adoption of test scores as a determinant for athletic eligibility was racially motivated. "I know it was racist," said Stone. "Paterno sounded to me like many people afflicted with paternalism in our part of the country. They think they know more about us than we do." Dr. Joseph B. Johnson, president of Grambling, added, "There were no black institutions involved in this [the drafting of Proposal 48], but they're talking about black athletes. . . . I was offended by Coach Paterno this morning. He doesn't know anything about blacks."

"I think a message has been sent to black athletes across this country," Johnson said. "There's just too many of you on America's athletic teams." As if to concur, Athletic Di-

rector Neale Stoner of Illinois, who is white, said, "As 48 stands now, we'll have an all-white football team."

Paterno said, "I'm sorry about this. I had no intention to insult anyone. I think they're overreacting. If we find that some of the things aren't right, we're ready to modify it."

And some blacks support Proposal 48. Charles Harris, Pennsylvania's athletic director, says, "The legislation may not be perfect, but it's timely. The NCAA had to show the public it was willing to make a stand." Sociology Professor Harry Edwards of the University of California, who was a leader of militant black athletes in the 1960s, says, "While I understand the concern of other black educators, I believe

that their objections . . . are misguided.

I believe also that they underestimate the intellectual capabilities of black athletes. . . . Dumb jocks are not born, they're systematically created." SI Writer-Reporter Roger Jackson says, "Black colleges are telling black people that only white people can expect quality performance from their children and teachers. Our black educators once were a source of hope. They were for members of my family. But being against this proposal is naive and self-destructive. I don't want anyone, black or white, telling me that I or my children can never achieve."

But Dr. Robert Randolph, president of Alabama State, another predominantly black college, points out what he feels is a basic flaw in Proposal 48: "The NCAA is saying, 'These are the admission standards for athletes. We don't care what they are for other students.'"

This is discriminatory. An awful lot of students are given awards based on skills that are not athletic—musicians, the girl you see dancing at halftime. They are awarded scholarships for their talents, and this rule doesn't apply to them. This is not to deny the philosophic thrust of what the NCAA is trying to do—that is, to correct the wrongdoings that have occurred. Some institutions have done this very well. Some have not. But it ought to be corrected by the individual institutions. I can't argue with the NCAA's wish to set rules, but academic qualification is the responsibility of an institution's board of trustees."

Randolph's view is an old and in some ways worthy one—the Ivy League used it for years to argue against the NCAA's setting of academic standards. His words should be taken into account as Proposal 48 is modified, as it certainly will be, over the next couple of years. The NCAA is right to attempt to cure academic abuses, but in so doing it should make room for institutions that serve special missions, as the predominantly black colleges do, to fulfill their aims and still participate in Division I sports.



Illustration by David M. Johnson

CONTINUED

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Seldom has a man attracted so much attention by spitting as did tobacco-chewing Harvey Kuenn during the 1982 baseball playoffs and World Series. The Milwaukee Brewers' manager became something of a folk figure partly because of the enormous chaw that bulged out his cheek, and his thoughtful, brooding expectations were relentlessly depicted by the television cameras.

Kids imitate heroes, and Kuenn's macerating influence—abetted by ads showing athletes and country and western types tucking tobacco in their cheeks—has high school youngsters achewin' and aspittin' all over the place. Some schools have clamped down by trying to eliminate the practice ("It's a messy, unhealthy habit," says an official edict at Alhambra High in Martinez, Calif.), but Principal Bill Lamson of San Lorenzo Valley High in Fulton, Calif. has decided to face reality. Culling tobacco chewing as bad a habit as cigarette smoking, he nonetheless recognizes its existence and has authorized a designated chewing area, a gravel-covered plot, for the school's chaw addicts. It's not a question of being permissive, the principal says. It's simply an effort to solve a sticky problem: the prevalence of wet tobacco stains all over the place.

## THE GEORGE AND BILLY SHOW

George Steinbrenner and Billy Martin have been portrayed in many ways during their eight-year love-hate affair, but no one has ever charged the Yankee owner and his faithful (for now) sidekick with being against the U.S. Olympic team. But Bob Mathias, two-time Olympic decathlon champion and director of the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, is beginning to wonder.

In October 1979 Mathias traveled to New York for a press luncheon to announce a large corporate donation to the training center, hoping that the publicity generated by his news might stimulate more donations. But on the morning of the luncheon, Steinbrenner dropped the bombshell that Martin was being fired for punching a marshmallow salesman in Minnesota a few days earlier. The press went to Yankee Stadium and the Olympic lunch was all but ignored in print and on the air.

Last week Mathias went to New York again, this time to publicize a donation

to the training center from greyhound tracks across the country. A good story, right? Tracks that take bets supporting amateur athletes, and all that. . . . Once again Mathias contacted the media, and the greyhound people took a \$525-per-day suite at the Hotel Pierre in Manhattan for interviews. Everything was set—and, suddenly, there was the press scooting 100 blocks north of the Pierre to the Stadium for the earthshaking news that Steinbrenner had just hired Martin for a third term as Yankee manager.

Mathias took it in stride. "Next time," he said, "I'll call Billy first to see what his schedule is."

## HE'LL TAN THEIR HIDES

It isn't easy for a pro hockey player to keep his mind on his icy business in sunny Southern California. In an effort to ensure that his guys concentrate on hockey, Los Angeles Kings Coach Don Perry has established certain fines: If a player shows up at practice with a sunburn, it's \$500; it's the same thing if he comes to the rink in shorts, and if a King is caught riding a motorcycle or a moped, it's \$1,000. "I know some of the fines sound stupid," says Perry, "but I think that they're necessary."

Maybe so, and in any case it ought to be easy to spot a hockey player on a California beach. Look for a well-muscled fellow under a beach umbrella, wearing long pants, a long-sleeved shirt and a sun hat. It'll be a King, working on his pale.

## BABES IN TOYLAND

If you're a young woman with a terrific backhand who's interested in making it in the wonderful world of pro tennis, you'll be pleased to learn that it's not entirely a jungle out there. Lots of people are willing and eager to help, particularly those kindly folk of the Women's Tennis Association. They've put out a booklet for young players called *Getting Started*, which is filled with all sorts of helpful info about travel ("Nonstop flights do not stop") and tournaments and membership dues and agents and endorsements ("Always speak well of the products you endorse").

We were particularly caught by a section called "Making the Most of the Media." Aspiring sportswriters and radio/TV people can learn about their craft in journalism school, but somehow

it never occurred to us that people can be taught the other side of journalism—not how to get a story, but how to be a story.

*Getting Started* takes care of that. "What kind of image do you want to portray?" it asks its earnest young readers. "Glamorous? Athletic? Businesslike? Intellectual? Whatever your image, make sure it is one that the press will latch on to in a positive way. . . . When the press sees you, you will be creating a total impression which could be significant to your image. . . . You will be the player who gets the 'ink' if you are a unique story. For example: 'Player works nights to continue in the game,' 'Daughter of Olympic Gold Medalist wins first round,' 'Student of nuclear physics stars in Boise.' One player, conscious of not having a tale to tell, created a harmless one, announcing that her mother was a concert pianist. . . . You would do well to create an 'angle' for yourself. A good alternative to this approach is to win an awful lot of tournaments."

That last sentence strikes us as an especially good suggestion. We also like one other bit of advice: "Be tolerant toward sportswriters . . . you must be prepared to explain things." Especially if you're a nuclear physicist starring in Boise.

## THEY SAID IT

- John Candelaria, Pirate pitcher, to overweight 6' 5" Pittsburgh Outfielder Dave Parker, on hearing that Parker was planning to become a vegetarian: "What are you going to eat? Redwoods?"
- Don Ott, of the evangelically oriented Athletics in Action basketball team, explaining his club's 29-point loss to UCLA after beating Olaf Roberts by 29 in its previous game: "You might say they did unto us as we did unto others."
- Ralph Miller, Oregon State basketball coach, deploring the duck shot: "It's an idiot's delight. The only thing it does for basketball is increase stress fractures. Now, if you raise the basket to 12 feet and somebody dunks, then I'll applaud."
- John Panoze, Villanova center, on his style of basketball: "I use intelligence to the best of my ability."
- Stan Binko, New York Jets linebacker, noting that journalists and other visitors outnumbered players in the Jets' locker room during the NFL playoffs: "There are more nonpeople in here than there are people."

An advertisement for NBC Sports World featuring a large video camera in the upper left corner with the NBC Sports logo. The background is a blue sky with a yellow grid pattern that recedes into the distance. The main title 'NBC Sports World' is written in large white letters, with 'LEADING THE FIELD IN SPORTS PROGRAMMING' in smaller yellow letters below it. The bottom half of the image is a collage of various sports scenes, including a skier, a Formula 1 car, a basketball player, a gymnast, a soccer player, and a basketball player, all set against a blue background with yellow grid lines.

# NBC Sports World

LEADING THE FIELD IN SPORTS PROGRAMMING

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JANUARY 30

# It Was Lights Out For The Pack

In eerily lit Texas Stadium, Dallas came up with big plays on offense and defense to defeat Green Bay

by RALPH WILEY

Newhouse got to Green Bay's two-yard line on this drive that produced Dallas' first TD.



**Sports Illustrated**

JANUARY 24, 1983



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Until recently, any insinuation that the Dallas Cowboys were a dime-store operation would have been taken as slander and grounds for deportation, from Texas, if not the Union. But for now the dime is reputable legal tender down in Dallas. On Sunday at Texas Stadium the Cowboys turned a defense led by cornerback Dennis Thurman which involved six defensive backs (a dime in NFL argot because it employs twice as many extra pass defenders as the five-back "nickel") into the difference between them and the Green Bay Packers in a 37-26 NFC playoff win.

The Packers played into Thurman's hands until the end, when he trotted off the field with the last of his three interceptions. Thurman had returned the first for a touchdown and had ensured Dallas' win with this final one. It was yeoman work, gratifying for a player of good reputation who lately had been talked of as a weak link. As a cornerback, the 5' 11", 183-pound Thurman seems undersized. He's fast, but not fast. Just a 10-cent defensive back.

Thurman admitted after the game that the book on him—beat Thurman, kill

Cowboys—is accurate in a way: "I knew I was the marked man." Thurman left a mark instead. The Packers gained 466 yards (91 more than Dallas), 363 of them in the second half, and a good measure of them came courtesy of Thurman. But in the end, he was where the ball was more often than John Jefferson, whom he had shadowed for just long enough, or James Lofton, who spun Thurman around like a top but never threw him for a loop.

Thurman, a fifth-year player from USC, was an 11th-round draft pick. He was primarily a safety until 1981, when he was pressed into the position of cornerback and emerged as leader of the secondary. The night before the Packer game, Gil Brandt, Dallas' director of personnel development, had stumped in Thurman's defense. "It's like basketball out there now," said Brandt. "What chance do defensive backs have since the rule changes? In 1977 [the last season before the five-yard bump rule] there weren't any 300-yard passing games in the NFC. Now it's a turkey shoot. How can people knock a Dennis Thurman? He's been a big-play player."

Thurman's big plays included nine interceptions in 1981. But then Strong Safety Charlie Waters retired and a former cornerback, Benny Barnes, 31, took

Waters' spot. Michael Downs, who had pulled in seven interceptions as a rookie safety in '81, wasn't about to be moved out, so there was Thurman on the corner opposite All-Pro Everson Walls. Almost by default, Thurman became the Cowboys' designated turkey. "With Everson [18 interceptions in two years] on the other side, where would you attack?" Thurman asked.

Thurman was beaten this year, and early. In the season opener, Pittsburgh's John Stallworth scored twice over him on outside patterns. "So [Cowboy Coach Tom] Landry told me to protect outside more," Thurman said. The Packers got their first score Sunday when Quarterback Lynn Dickey found James Lofton on a surprise—down-and-in move for a six-yard touchdown with 9:06 left in the first half. Embarrassingly, Thurman had turned outside just before Lofton's break inside.

But luck, long a residue of Cowboy design, was ultimately with Thurman. The Cowboys scored on a two-yard run by Timmy Newsome with 1:18 left in the first half. That made the score 13-7, hardly indicative of Dallas' early dominance. The Packers would surely try to get back in front before intermission.

Landry bet his dime—bringing in two

The first of Thurman's three interceptions—and his 39-yard return—put Dallas up 20-7.





Thrill lived up to his nickname by catching this ...

fresh defensive backs to replace two of the Cowboy linebackers. Dickey faded to throw from his own 25-yard line, felt pressure and released early on a short pass for Jefferson at the right sideline. Thurman recognized the play and wanted to draw the throw. Bingo! He leaped to intercept and sprinted 39 yards for a 20-7 Cowboy lead.

"I just underthrew JJ," said the bittered Dickey, who finished gallantly, completing 19 of 36 for 332 yards and the one touchdown to Lofton. Thurman intercepted Dickey again with :16 left in the half, on a pass he threw to the inside while Jefferson cut outside at the Dallas 29. "JJ just ran the wrong pattern," offered Lofton.

Dallas had to make big plays to stay out front in the second half. With Lofton, Jefferson and Tight End Paul Coffman, 1983 Pro Bowlers all, the Packers had a multiple-warhead system. The key for the Cowboys, besides the extra defenders, was making sure Dickey couldn't take his own sweet time while deciding which was the right button to push

At the start of the second half, to avoid the dime, Dickey threw on first down four straight times and the Pack reached the Dallas 10. The dime never had a chance to enter the game, because the Cowboys stay in a 4-3-4 defense on first down. But the Pack had to be satisfied with a 30-yard field goal by the venerable Jan Stenerud. On their next possession, the Packers again threw on first down. This time Jefferson and Dickey failed to mesh on an end-zone throw that would have closed the gap to 20-17 with seven minutes left in the third quarter. From the Dallas 15, Jefferson broke outside and was open. Dickey threw inside again and the ball fell incomplete. The Pack settled for another field goal, of 33 yards.

On Green Bay's next possession Lofton caught a 50-yard pass on Thurman, faking him into a knot. But on the following play Running Back Eddie Lee Ivery fumbled and

Mike Hegman recovered. Lofton was having himself a day. He pulled the Packers back into contention in the fourth quarter with a play he should potent, the split end reverse. "We had just talked about it in the huddle, how they'd have to use something like that on us," Thurman said. Forewarned was disarmed Dickey handed to Ivery, who handed to Lofton going right. Dickey roll-blocked Hegman; Lofton turned the corner, cut back across the field and even cameras could barely catch him as he went 71 yards for a touchdown.

The Cowboys, however, trumped each Packer ace. Earlier, after Stenerud's second field goal had made it 20-13, rookie Rod Hill had returned the ensuing kickoff 89 yards to set up a 24-yard Rafael Septien field goal. Now, after Lofton's run he blocked Stenerud's extra point.

Dallas immediately went 80 yards in eight plays, including five Donny White (23 of 36, 225 yards on the day) completions, the last for seven yards and a touchdown to Tight End Doug Cosbie.

After Cosbie's TD made the score



... 49-yarder hurled (sort of) by Pearson.

30-19, the Packers were forced to punt and White began to look for more from his own 15. He threw outside to Newsome, but the ball was wide and glanced off Newsome's right hand into the eager mitts of Cornerback Mark Lee, who returned it 22 yards—30-26, Dallas.

"We were excited after that," said Jefferson. "Then Dallas comes back with a play that's been in our playbook all year." The Packers had earlier tried to free Tight End Gary Lewis to throw a pass off a lateral, but Safety Dexter Clinkscales closed quickly on Lewis, who had to tuck the ball away and take a sack. Now, White threw a lateral to Wide Receiver Drew Pearson near the sideline and Pearson lofted the ball 49 yards to Tony (Thrill) Hill at the Packer one. Robert Newhouse scored on the next play.

All that remained was the excitement of watching the Pack sweep downfield once more, only to have Thurman make his third interception, in the middle of the end zone with 1:04 left. On this occasion, Dickey threw where he hoped Jefferson would be, while Jefferson was

continued

busy finding an open space amid all that loose change.

"The Washington fans wanted us and we are happy to oblige," said Landry. "I'm not worried a bit about Washington," said Pearson. Note that neither one of them has to play man-to-man defense. Somewhere, Brundt is moaning. "It's just impossible to be a defensive back these days. It's cowboys and Indians." Dennis Thurman isn't laughing.

END

time by claiming to be the owner. No one ever thought of that one before.

Michaels is a man who remembers. All those trips to Oakland to play Al's Raiders when Michaels was Jet Coach Weeb Ewbank's defensive assistant. The big picture in the Raiders' office of Ben Davidson knocking Joe Namath's helmet off, Al planting his guy, Maury Schlicher, on the Jets' team bus one time; Al coming into the Jets' hotel to yak with Namath on the eve of a game; the great fear that the locker room was bugged; the tarps that were mysteriously unrolled on the field in 1968 where the Jets were to practice; the

Heids Game, Namath's broken cheekbone; the \$2,000 fine the Jets were hit with when Michaels stormed the officials' room after a loss at the Oakland Coliseum and tried to knock down the door with his fists.

Oh, yes, Walt remembers. He remembers that Al Davis fired him as a Raider assistant 19 years ago; he remembers all those bloody, brutal Jet-Raider donnybrooks, struggles like the one that had just taken place before 90,037 fans in the Coliseum, a game no less intense than the battles of yesteryear. There had been 10 turnovers this time. Two pairs of offsetting personal foul penalties had been called before the first 15 minutes had elapsed. Raider Defensive End Lyle Alzado had ripped off the helmet of Jet Tackle Chris Ward and flung it at him.

## Hold The Phone! Here Come The Jets

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Coach Walt Michaels' New York Jets had just beaten the detested Los Angeles Raiders, 17-14, last Saturday to advance to the AFC finals—against Miami, it turned out the next day—and now it was 10 minutes after the game and all the writers were jostling for position in the hallway outside the Jets' L.A. Coliseum locker room, because on the way inside Michaels had promised, "I'm gonna have something special to say about this damn Raider organization," and nobody wanted to miss it.

And now Walt reappeared. His eyes were blazing and he bit off his words like a man cracking walnuts and the guys in back strained to hear him, because this was the good stuff, the vintage stuff, the fiber and substance of the Jet-Raider rivalry that had illuminated the pages of the AFL's history. This was good old-fashioned hatred.

"I just want to say," Michaels barked, "that whatever member of the Raider organization called me on the phone at halftime and said my owner wanted to talk to me is a sick s.o.b. It's a sick, rotten way to try to disrupt our team. His initials are A.D. and I don't care if he knows it or not."

A.D.? Let's see . . . Adrian Dantley? Andy Devine? No, wait a minute. Al Davis, that's it. The Raiders' owner. The boss. Pete Rozelle's dark cloud. What a stunt, what a gimmick. Getting the opposing team's coach on the phone at half-



The dullest play in football, the game-ending quarterback falldown, this one by the Jets' Richard Todd, was marked by a flurry of fists.

But this time the rap Walt Michaels put on Al Davis was a bum one. They turned back the clock on Saturday and a cuckoo jumped out, and it wasn't Al. It was a guy who later identified himself as Larry Hammond, a part owner and bartender at a Woodside tavern called the Winfield Inn, Woodside being a Queens community 10 minutes from Shea Stadium, the home of the Jets. He said that at halftime he had placed the call to 213-747-7111, the security office next to the visiting team's dressing room. Dr. Bruce Fitzpatrick, an earth sciences professor at El Camino College who oversees locker-room security, had answered it.

"The guy said he was Leon Hess, the Jets' owner, and he had to talk to Walt Michaels," Fitzpatrick said. "He sounded quite normal. When Joe Namath was here you'd get a lot of crazies calling, but Carroll Rosenbloom [then the owner of the L.A. Rams] used to call down a lot at halftime, too, so how was I to know? Anyway, Walt just happened to be in the hall at the time, so I gave him the call. I feel like a fool now."

The conversation lasted about 30 seconds. "I told Coach Michaels to tell his team to fight harder in the second half, to go out and kick hell out of the Raiders," said Hammond in a later call to the press. Hammond admitted he'd used Leon Hess's name to get through, but then had said the call was from "Mayor Koch's office." He said he had laid a couple of bets

on the game, taking the Jets to beat the spread, which had the Raiders favored by 3½ (he won), taking the over against the over-under number of 48 (he lost). He said he had told Michaels to make [Defensive End] Mark Gastineau stop doing his sack dance because he looked like a real jerk.

"The coach kept saying, 'Yeah, yeah, yeah,'" Hammond said, adding that he called back to talk to the press because, "I heard that Al Davis was getting blamed for it and I didn't want it laid on Al."

Davis had enough to worry about. His Raiders had had the game in their grasp and they'd let it slip away. They went into the fourth quarter with a 14-10 lead and they were driving. The Jets' defense was weary. Their line was crippled. The Raiders' pass rush was finally getting to Todd. Then the turnovers came, three for L.A., two for the Jets. Raider Running Back Marcus Allen fumbled on the Jets' 14. Ex-Jet Burgess Owens intercepted a Todd pass in the end zone. On their next series the Jets went ahead, 17-14, on a one-yard plunge by Scott Dierking, set up by the previous play, a 45-yard rain-bow from Todd to Wesley Walker, whose deep catches (seven for 169 yards) were the most striking element of New York's offense. Todd had shown a lot of guts and great stability, hanging in the pocket and throwing his bombs in the face of a furious second-half rush.

Now the clock was moving, and Raider Quarterback Jim Plunkett got panicky. He tried to force the ball to Cliff Branch on a down-and-in pattern, and Linebacker Lance Mehl intercepted at the Raider 35. Three plays later Jet Running Back Freeman McNeil lost his second fumble, and the Raiders had the ball on their own 33 with 2:26 left. A scramble and two completions got them to the Jets' 42, second and two, 1:50 left.

"We were going in, I knew it, I could feel it," Raider Coach Tom Flores said afterward. "I felt the game had turned for the last time."

Next to last time. Plunkett tried to hit Branch on the same down-and-in pattern—with the same result. Mehl intercepted again; he was one of three Jets who had a shot at the ball.

"The same exact thing," Mehl said. "Branch curled in, I curled in with him. I

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Todd was Richard the Lion-Hearted in the face of the Raiders' menacing defenders.





Chris had to ward off Alzado, who occasionally treated him in high-handed fashion.

#### NFL PLAYOFFS continued

was surprised Plunkett threw the ball there."

Plunkett said he saw Mehl start out-side and didn't see him come back in again. He said he got greedy when he just should have been trying to pick up the first down. Davis said it shouldn't have come to that.

"When it was 14-10, that's when we should have put the game away," he said. "We had the game, we had the damn thing right here and we let it slip away."

It was time to bring up an unfortunate matter: The half-time call, Michaels' accusation that Davis had masterminded it, the bitterness, the insults.

"Oh, geez, that stuff," Davis said. "It's just so stupid, but that's Walt. Crazy and stupid, both. I was sitting upstairs in my box at halftime. It doesn't even have a phone in it. I don't have enough to worry about at halftime, right? I've got to start

making phone calls." He shook his head. "Crazy and stupid," he said softly.

The locker room was emptying slowly. Alzado was one of the last to leave. His dramatic and highly visible battle with Ward had been one of the focal points of

the game. Ward won the first half, Alzado the second, forcing an interception, forcing a sack, making a second sack himself. Late in the third quarter Ward tried to push him over a pileup, which was when Alzado yanked Ward's helmet off and threw it at him.

"I tried to sidarm it, like Sandy Koufax used to," Alzado said.

"Low and inside," Ward said, "aimed at my groin."

"We tried to intimidate them, they tried to intimidate us; it's part of the game," Alzado said. "We felt whoever wins this game wins the whole thing."

"Can the Jets go all the way?" he was asked.

"Absolutely," he said, "but I still feel we gave 'em the game."

"They weren't real physical," L.A. Inside Linebacker Matt Millen said. "They were pushers. They get on your shoulder and wait for McNeil (23 carries, 105 yards) to make his cuts behind them. The way he cuts is awesome."

"How about his two fumbles?" he was asked.

"Nobody ever accused us of not hitting," Millen said.

Millen was in the midst of the melee at the end, a mini-brawl that summed up the bitterness between these teams.

"Ted Hendricks grabbed their center, Joe Fields," Millen said. "I was trying to break it up. Then someone took a shot at me."

"Everyone yelling and screaming, it was crazy out there," Jet Guard Stan Waldemore, who's in his fifth year with the team, said. "Is this what these games are supposed to be like?"

"I looked around for Plunkett," Todd said, "someone my own size."

The excitement on the field was too much even for Gasieneau, who got a chance to do his dance in the fourth quarter, getting a sack when the Jets were rushing only three linemen. "I was jumping up and down and I tripped and fell... did you see that?" he said. "That's how excited I was out there. I've never been so excited in a football game in my life."

Yep, they turned the clock back, all right. And another cuckoo jumped out.



Mehl had a ball and unblinking regard from Stan Birkis.

# The Revenge Of The Killer Bees

by JOHN PAPANEK

A year ago it was The Game No One Should Have Lost, a gut-wrenching thriller in which the Miami Dolphins overcame a 24-0 first-quarter deficit only to lose 41-38 in overtime to the San Diego Chargers. Obviously, Sunday's rematch—in the same Orange Bowl for the same stakes, the right to play for the AFC Championship—demanded a title, too.

The Chargers arrived in Miami with

the NFL's most prolific offense, led by Dan Fouts, the league's best quarterback (ever?) in the opinion of a growing number of pro football people. In Wes Chandler, Kellen Winslow and Charlie Joiner, Fouts had a trio of crown-jewel receivers who had helped him average a league-record 321 yards per game passing this season. For their part, the Dolphins had the No. 1 overall defense in the NFL. They were also tops in the league in stopping the pass (114.1 yards a game) and in interceptions (2.1). Last season Miami ranked 15th in total defense and 19th against the pass.

In its pregame buildup, the local press took to calling the matchup Miami-San Diego II. But that was just a working title. Hereinafter, the game shall be known as The Revenge of the Killer Bees. The current edition of Miami's no-name defense has become known as the Killer Bees be-

cause of a prevalence of Bs among its members. By swarming all over Fouts & Co. they took the sting right out of the San Diego offense. Remember, now: Bokamper, Baumhower and Betters (Kim, Bob and Doug, respectively) across the front; Brudzinski (Bob) at left outside linebacker; and the Blackwoods (Lyle and Glenn), two of the baddest brothers since Frank and Jesse James, at the safeties.

This isn't to take anything away from the non-B Bees. Linebackers A.J. Duhe, Earnie Rhone and Larry Gordon, who stunted and blitzed all afternoon and fulfilled Duhe's pregame promise to "find a way to stay in Fouts's face"; or from cornerbacks Gerald Small and Don McNeal. They were most responsible for limiting Chandler to two receptions and Winslow and Joiner to one apiece.

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In his last three games, Woodley has connected on 47 of 63 passes for 680 yards.



Not that the offense didn't help. In fact, it was 24-year-old David Woodley—remember how he was ignominiously benched by Coach Don Shula at the 9-24 point in last season's game?—who guided the Dolphins to a 24-0 lead this time before the Chargers had run a dozen plays. That Woodley was the best quarterback on the field, connecting on 17 of 22 passes for 195 yards and two touchdowns, came as no surprise either to him or Shula. In his two previous games he had completed 30 of 41 passes for 485 yards. "I know the kind of talent he has, believe me," said Shula.

But the Dolphin defense made Woodley's day against San Diego possible, executing Assistant Head Coach Bill Arnsparger's defensive game plan to deal with Fouts almost to perfection: make a good pass rush; jam the receivers at the line of scrimmage; disguise the coverages; get Fouts to force the football into places it didn't belong. Because teams have come to believe that the only sure way of beating the Chargers is to score a heap of points—San Diego averaged 32 a game this season—the Chargers naturally came to believe that themselves. "How would I stop the Charger offense?" said Fouts before the game. "Number one, I'd stop the quarterback."

The Dolphins did. Not since last January's Ice Bowl loss to Cincinnati in the AFC championship game had Fouts completed fewer passes (15 of 34) or thrown for fewer yards (191). Moreover, the five interceptions he served the Bees—two to Glenn Blackwood, one each to Lyle Blackwood, Small and McNeal—equaled his worst performances ever in that department. "I read newspaper stories out of San Diego that the Chargers didn't respect us too much," said Bokamper. "They thought we were a fluke or something. Today we went out and showed the country what kind of defense we are when it comes to the real serious situations."

Said Fouts, once his long day was over, "Miami didn't give us anything. Its defense is the best we've seen."

Fouts didn't see much of the Miami defense in the early going, as the Dolphins scored 24 unanswered points in the opening 23 minutes. During that span he was on the field for all of 5:07. On his first



McNeal intercepted one pass and broke up four others, including this one to Chandler.



pass attempt, Bokamper sacked him. Standing over him, Bokamper let loose with an animated and obscene greeting. "Just to let him know," said Bokamper, "that I intended to be back there all day." Two plays later Fouts tried to hit Joiner, who was double-covered, and Small made Miami's first interception, returning the ball from the San Diego 42 to the 26. After four running plays, the Dolphins scored on a three-yard pass from Woodley to Nat Moore.

If Miami proved on Sunday that its defense was no statistical mirage, the Chargers confirmed that theirs wasn't either. It ranked 25th in the league, and deservedly so. On the Dolphins' second drive, Miami's offensive line—Bob Kucchenberg, Dwight Stephenson, Jeff Tecaws, Eric Laakso and Jon Giesler—dominated the Louie Kelchers and the Gary (Big Hands) Johnsons, allowing Tony Nathan and Andra Franklin to slice through for big gains. Franklin put the Dolphins up 14-0 when he dragged Cliff Thrift and Woodrow Lowe across the goal line on a three-yard run.

Fouts was itching to get his offense back on the field, but Hank Bauer bobbled Uwe von Schamann's ensuing kickoff, and Woody Bennett slammed into Bauer as he was trying to pick up the ball. It squirted out of Bauer's hands and right at a startled von Schamann, who was trotting downfield to buck up the action. Von Schamann, you'll recall, was the goat of Miami-San Diego I, the flubber of two field goals, either of which would have won the game. "I was looking for anything that would redeem me," he said. "A field goal, a fake field goal, an onside kickoff, a pass—anything."

Von Schamann plucked the ball out of the air at the San Diego 23. He might have picked up some yardage, but he had held a live football only once before, and that was to punt. So he fell on it and took a mighty helmet in the back for his trouble. "I tried to roll up like an embryo," he said, "but they stuck me anyway." Eight plays later Woodley hit Ronnie Lee with a six-yard pass in the end zone.

Now was it time for Fouts to come back? Not yet. First the Chargers had to fumble away another kickoff. This time a hit by Steve Shull jarred the ball loose from James Brooks. That resulted in a 24-yard field goal. Finally, in the last 4:07 of the half, San Diego woke up, striking for two TDs. First Fouts threw a 28-yard scoring pass to Joiner. Then, after a 23-



Butters and his fellow Bees swarmed around Fouts as no other defense had all season.

yard von Schamann field goal, Chuck Muncie went over from the one to make the score 27-13.

The Chargers being the Chargers, this was still considered a nip-and-tuck ball game. A couple of quick Fouts-to-Winslow or Fouts-to-Chandler hookups and the Dolphin defense would start having to worry about the running of Muncie and Brooks. "That was something we couldn't let happen," said Arnsperger later. And it didn't. Miami's secondary stayed tight on Chandler and Joiner, while the linemen and linebackers kept pressuring Fouts.

The game was particularly frustrating for Winslow, who had caught 13 passes for 166 yards in a remarkable performance in last year's classic. But on Sunday he not only aggravated the turf toe he'd suffered a week earlier against Pittsburgh but also twisted an ankle. By his own estimation, he was reduced to 50% efficiency. But even 50% of Winslow is a lot of receiver.

"The way they were playing us, I was set up for another big day," said Winslow. "They were trying a little man-to-man, leaving the middle open. I knew where the dead spots were, but I couldn't

get to them." In fact, the Dolphins had off Winslow because they knew he was hurt, which made it easier for them to stop the other receivers.

Listen to Chandler, who hadn't been held to as few as two catches since the fi-

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Charger Coach Don Coryell's time ran out.

nal regular-season game of 1981. "They did a tremendous job of disguising what they were going to do. Once we receivers got through their jams at the line of scrimmage, the safeties took away our bread and butter. I know that today, for the first time I can remember, I was having thoughts about whether to release in-side or outside. I started trying to do some things differently, give them a different look."

Still, the Chargers had a drive going late in the third quarter, thanks to a fake punt. They were at the Miami 36 when Fouts threw to Joiner at the 19. Small was covering him man-to-man, but when Joiner curled toward the middle, Glenn Blackwood moved in. Fouts forced the ball into the coverage, and Blackwood picked off the pass without breaking stride. Woodley then engineered another scoring drive that he completed himself

with a seven-yard quarterback drive. Three interceptions in the fourth quarter snuffed San Diego's remaining hopes. Final score: Miami 34-13.

So ended the assault of the Killer Brees. If they give another such performance this week against the Jets and, equally important, Woodley stays hot, Miami should earn its fourth ticket to the Super Bowl. "I can smell Pasadena," said Small. "I can smell the roses." **END**

## A Game Of Hogs And Goats

by STEVE WULF

**F**orty Gut, 50 Gut, Riggins right, Riggins left, Riggins around end, Riggins ironing another defensive back onto the turf, Riggins, Riggins, Riggins, 37 times Riggins. When John Riggins was through with 105 to go last Saturday, he took off his helmet and howled to both sides of RFK Stadium. He had rushed for 185 yards for Washington. The Redskins ran out the clock on a 21-7 victory over Minnesota, and pork futures were looking good. The Redskins now play Dallas, the only team that has beaten them this season, in the NFC championship this Saturday in RFK. The Cowboys get this free bet of advice: Watch for Riggins to carry the ball behind his vintage swine.

Of course, the 6' 2", 230-pound, 33-year-old fullback, deer hunter and sphinx didn't heat the Vikings alone. Quarterback Joe Theismann completed 17 of 23

passes for 213 yards and two touchdowns. Receiver Alvin Garrett had his second big game in a row, sneaking under Viking arm pits for an 18-yard touchdown pass and a 46-yard flea-flicker that led to a TD. And the Redskin defense, which has now given up just 45 points in its last six games, held the Vikings to 79 yards rushing. Washington was also aided by the Minnesota receivers, who dropped perhaps a dozen passes, some because of intimidation, some because of the 44' chill: the shut-in Vikings haven't won outdoors this season.

But the game really belonged to the Hogs, that much-sooeyed group that blocks for Riggins, himself an honorary porker. Offensive Coordinator Joe Bugel created the fraternity in training camp to

give recognition to those who root, faceless, in the pit, and he created a monster. In Washington, the fans have made a federal case out of the Hogs. A pig was brought to the stadium Saturday. Hog signs were everywhere: HOG! THE VIKINGS WE'RE IN HOG HEAVEN. WE'RE HOGWILD OVER THE REDSKINS. THE HOGS THAT ATE MINNESOTA. This Hog business could get to be a bore.

When Hog Day Afternoon was over, Riggins didn't wait around for the reviews—he treats newsmen as if they were so many cornerbacks—but his praises were sung in both locker rooms.

"A Sherman tank," said Defensive Lineman Doug Martin of the Vikings.

"A Mack truck," said Viking Receiver Sammy White. "Or a bulldozer."

"Stupendous," said Redskin Coach Joe Gibbs. "Remarkable. Amazing."

"He can tote that rock, that's for sure," said Washington Tight End Rick Walker.

The first play of the game was a hand-off to Riggins off tackle, a simple 50 Gut. The second play was to Riggins. The fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth plays were hand-offs to Riggins. The Redskins have about 12 different plays designed for their single setback, but mostly Theismann calls Guts. "The Gut is our bread and butter," said Bugel. "I guess we ran the 40 Gut and 50 Gut 28 times. That just enables our linemen to come off and do the things they do best. Just straight-ahead power blocking."

In the Redskins' first drive, on third-and-goal from the three, Theismann fired the ball to Tight End Don Warren, who was alone in the end zone. Warren's route was supposed to take him into the corner of the end zone, but when he saw how crowded it was, he stopped

continued

Riggins, an honorary Hog, rooted his way through the Viking defense for 185 yards.





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and Theismann saw him. Then Warren, who is both a Hog and a member of the receivers' Fun Bunch, joined in the Bunch's Druid-like ceremony. Eight players crossed arms, leaped into the air and slapped palms.

At the tail end of the first quarter, Theismann threw 46 yards to Garrett down to the Viking 11, but even on that play, Riggins had a role. Theismann handed the ball to his fullback who, upon hitting the line, spun around and lateraled the ball back to Theismann, who then threw a perfect pass to the 5'7" Garrett. "That play's been in football since George Habs," said Minnesota Coach Bud Grant.

Riggins to the six, Riggins to the three, Riggins to the two, and the Redskins had a fourth-and-one. Now Riggins to the goal line. "That was a gut call," said Gibbs, meaning gut with a small g. It was also a 50 Gut, and Mark Moseley's kick gave Washington a 14-0 lead.

The Vikings and Quarterback Tommy Kramer were having their troubles. Not until the last play of the first quarter did Kramer complete a pass or get a first down. Three plays later he hooked up with Terry LeCount on a 42-yard floater to the Redskins 21. From the 18, Running Back Ted Brown went through a big hole, made a nice move to the left and caught a corner of the end zone. Washington came right back, a 30-yard pass to Charlie Brown putting the ball on the 24. After Riggins carried for six, Theismann hit Garrett on a post pattern. 21-7.

All the Redskins had to do in the scoreless second half was hand the ball to Riggins and keep Two-Minute Tommy in check, which they did, although Kramer did give them a scare or three. He found White in the end zone from 28 yards out in the third quarter, but White dropped the ball. Then on fourth-and-six, Joe Lavender tipped away a touchdown pass to Sam McCullum. White also flubbed three other passes. "I'll never forget this game," said White. "This is a hurting thing. I had a chance to be a hero. As it turns out, I'm nothing but the goat."

"Last year I felt we had to improve our aggressiveness," said Redskin Defensive Coordinator Richie Peterson, once a jarring defensive back himself. "We stressed that in training camp, and it paid some dividends in dropped balls today."

In the meantime, Riggins paid dividends on offense. In the second half alone, he had 18 carries for 110 yards.



White, the goat of the game, muffed four receptions, including this end-zone pass that would have made things close.



The game was in such control that with 8:15 to go, the 54,593 fans started chanting, "We want Dallas! We want Dallas!"

With 4:17 to go, Riggins broke off his longest run of the day—29 yards. He got the call the next five times, and then walked off to a standing O. He stopped near midfield, doffed his helmet and bowed royally to the south and then the north. His 185 yards were a personal best, and his 37 carries a Redskins record.

In the last two weeks, including the Skins' 31-7 win over the Lions, Riggins had 304 yards rushing. Saturday's was his 20th career 100-yard game; his first came in 1972, when he was a second-year Jet out of Kansas. "I remember watching him with the Jets when I was three or four years old," said Redskin Center Jeff Bostic, who was only kidding. When Riggins left the Jets as a free agent after the 1975 season, he was courted by Grant and the Vikings. "I wined him and dined him," said Grant, who shares Riggins' fondness for the outdoors, "but the Redskins offered him more money."

In those days, Riggins was famous for his antics and beloved for his quotes. He sat out the 1980 season, and when he came back in '81, he was no longer talking to the press. That year he surprised people by rushing for 714 yards. "He's quicker this year," says Bostic.

Now 'bout them Hogs: Three of the starting five interior linemen, Right Tackle George Starke, Right Guard Fred

Dean and Bostic had been cut by other NFL teams. Left Tackle Joe Jacoby was brought into camp last year as, Gibbs thought, a defensive tackle. When Gibbs found out Jacoby's 295 pounds were meant for offense, he almost cut him. Russ Grimm, drafted as a center in 1981, had to be moved to left guard because of Bostic's play. Together they did a great job Saturday on one of the better defensive lines in football.

"Calling them the Hogs helped them develop an esprit de corps," said Bugel. "I've never seen a more closely knit group. They're like real brothers."

In the third quarter Grimm's chin strap popped loose, and his helmet came down on the bridge of his nose. Afterward he wore crusted blood all over his nose as if it were a badge. He's the Hog closest to Riggins. "A handshake from Riggins is like 50,000 people cheering for you," said Grimm. "You love to block for him. Last week he sat in the offensive line meeting with us. He's just really down-to-earth. He could be wearing three-piece suits with the money he makes, but he just dresses in camouflage pants."

For one moment after Saturday's game, a shirt and pants were hanging in Riggins' locker. The next moment, the wire hangers were bare, swaying to and fro. Guts, but no glory. **END**

When we left Joaquin Andujar, the St. Louis Cardinal pitcher, he was getting carried away. Following the seventh inning of the seventh game of the 79th World Series, Andujar, while screaming at Milwaukee Second Baseman Jim Gantner, was ushered off the field in the considerable embrace of Umpire Lee Weyer. And even the 6' 6", 258-pound Weyer needed help from Cardinal Pitching Coach Hub Kittle to point Andujar in the right direction.

Gantner, also screaming, was upset over the way Andujar had held his comeback until the last instant before firing over to first. "I called him a hot dog," said Gantner. "What's wrong with that? Everybody knows he's a hot dog."

"He tells me, 'You're a hot dog [hyphenated epithet].'" Andujar, who was lifted after the seventh because Manager

## Here's A Hot Dog You've Got To Relish

If there's any one word that describes St. Louis Pitcher Joaquin Andujar, it would most surely be "Youneverknow"

by STEVE WULF



Andujar's first—and last—winter league start in two years had an overflow crowd.

Whitey Herzog thought he'd pitched enough, said in a postgame press conference. The conference was unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on how you look at it) broadcast to the milling Cardinal fans in Busch Stadium. "I tell him [Fie on] you, [hyphenated epithet]. [Fie on] you, I'm going to kick your [bottom]. But we're friends. That's baseball. That's me. I don't take no [guff] from nobody."

It was a funny way to end a World Series.

With apologies to Sir Winston, Andujar is a riddle wrapped in a hot dog role inside an enigma. He calls himself "one tough Dominican." He's also one charming, evasive, humble, egotistical, intelligent, suspicious and generous Dominican. And he's one tough Dominican to get to know.

"My favorite word in English, and I love this word," says Andujar, "is 'youneverknow.'" He designs houses and disrupts clubhouses. His ties to his hometown of San Pedro de Macoris are so tight that his house is around the corner from his former high school, yet he fancies himself a cowboy from Texas. He has 21 rocking chairs in his house, which is ironic, because more than once he has been accused of being off his rocker. (Milwaukee's Gorman Thomas, no steady rocker himself: "Joquan is missing all of the face cards.") The same man who has fought teammates, has poured milk on his head after a loss and sometimes wears a one-sleeved warmup jacket to protect his non-pitching left arm, also spends \$5,000 every Christmas on gifts for his town's children and sponsors countless youth baseball teams there. After the Series he successfully fought a three-year suspension from the Dominican winter league, and then quit after one game because he was getting too much publicity. Youneverknow.

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN



Andujar loves the sound of rain on the roof. "I am the happiest man in the world when I am lying in bed and hearing the pitter-pitter of the rain overhead," he says. He enjoys the sound so much that when he had a second floor added to his house, he had two giant red aluminum disks inserted in the concrete roof over his bedroom. He now gets his pitter-patter in stereo.

"When I was small, I always dreamed of getting a house like I have now," Andujar says. "I was raised in humbleness, and the house that I lived in had a zinc roof. I liked listening to the rain fall on it, especially at night, and I liked to sleep and dream when it rained. I thank God and the Virgin Altagracia my dreams came true."

Youneverknow.

San Pedro de Macoris is a town of 74,693 citizens on the south-eastern coast of the Dominican Republic. San Pedro is in sugarcane country, and its rum is among the best in the world. The town's secondary product could well be baseball players, because starting with Rico Carty in 1963 San Pedro has sent numerous native sons to the majors, including, currently, L.A.'s Pedro Guerrero and Toronto's Alfredo Griffin.

Kittle managed the Estrellas club in San Pedro for many years and has known Andujar since he was a youngster. "I'm not sure why so many good players come from there," says Kittle. "Maybe it's because while their moms and dads worked in the sugarcane factories, the kids played all day. A lot of the competitive spirit comes from their bloodlines. There's a little Arab blood mixed in there, you know. Also, a lot of the good players, like Jack Andujar, stay in San Pedro and teach the kids. Plus the stadium is made available."

Joaquin—only Kittle is allowed to call him Jack—was an only child. His father and mother were too poor to give him a proper home, so his paternal grandfather, Saturnino, and grandmother, Juana, raised him.

Basketball, not baseball, was his first love as a boy. "To be very sincere with you, I was a very good player," he says.

"But in the Dominican, basketball 20 years ago was nothing. I started playing baseball when I was 10 years old. I learned it in the streets with a rag ball and broomstick." Even at 10, Andujar says, he wanted to be a professional.

In 1969, at age 16, he got his wish when he, Santo Alcala, who has since pitched for the Expos, and Arturo De-Freitas, who has had a few cups of coffee with the Reds, signed with Cincinnati.

In the early years of his pro career, Andujar got a lot of help from Kittle,



Andujar, in one of his 21 rockers, with Jesse and Walkiria.

who became his manager during the winter. "The first season I managed Estrellas, I gave Jack a tryout and I liked his arm," says Kittle. "I got him to come over the top, and he began to produce. The next year I made him one of my starters, and the third season he was named native pitcher of the year."

"At night, we used to talk in the sidewalk cafe at the Hotel Macoris, me, Jack and [former Mariner] Juan Bernhardt, who was Jack's buddy. I told them what it was like in the majors, and what it would take to get there. I told them they'd have to do as they were told."

Although Andujar's minor league statistics weren't all that outstanding, the Reds thought he would make the major leagues in 1975. But lack of control—of his pitches and his temper—kept him down in the minors. In October 1975, on the recommendation of Houston's pitching coach, Hub Kittle, the Astros traded pitchers Carlos Alfonso and Luis Sanchez to Cincinnati for Andujar. However, Kittle was out of the Astro organization before Andujar threw his first pitch in a Houston uniform.

Andujar became an immediate sensation with the Astros. In his fifth and sixth starts, he pitched two-hitters. Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson, whose team was one of Andujar's victims, said at the time, "Every dog will have his day." Andujar finished the year 9-10, three of his victories having come against the Reds. In 1977 he was off to a fast start, with 10 wins before the All-Star break, and Anderson named the dog to the National League All-Star team. But a pulled hamstring kept Andujar out of the game, and he had only one more victory the rest of the year. He was shuffled between the bullpen and the rotation in 1978, but in '79 he again made the All-Star team off his 11-5 start. Still, he finished the season at 12-12. Andujar, who never saw eye to eye with Houston Manager Bill Virdon or Pitching Coach Mel Wright, lit candles the next year and prayed that he would be traded. He was heard to say, "I'm going to Yugoslavia. See you sometime."

While Andujar's career languished, his stature as a character grew. There was the spilled milk incident, and after another loss he showered with his uniform on. He duked it out with his best friend, Cesar Cedeño, and then said, "I was only trying to keep my heavyweight championship." At spring training in Cocoa Beach, Fla., Andujar stepped out of the batter's box because a butterfly distracted him. Coach Bunny Mack asked him what he would do if that happened in the regular season. "No problem," said Andujar. "No butterflies in Dome."

While in Houston, Andujar also devel-





Andujar designed this home to have a dome; instead it has horses and a hobo.

oped a taste for the Old West. His favorite TV show became *Bonanza*, and he still wears cowboy hats and listens to a tape of a Houston country and western station on his car stereo. His pitching trademark is right out of the Old West, too. After a particularly gratifying strike-out, he will point his index finger at the batter and go bang.

Just before the 1981 player strike, Andujar's prayers were answered when he was traded to the Cardinals. As luck would have it—you never know—Kittle was Whitey Herzog's pitching coach. When the strike ended, Kittle went to work on Andujar.

"His delivery was way off," says Kittle. "His front leg was too quick, his motion wasn't tight enough, and he was delivering the ball three-quarters instead of over the top. Also, he was overthrowing. But Jack is the hardest-working guy I've ever coached if he believes in you."

Andujar had no trouble believing in the man he calls "Daddy." "Daddy has always respected me and I have respected him," he says. "We've never had any problems. When he was my manager in the Dominican, he tried to help me, and if some person tries to help you, you'll love him very much."

By showing faith in Andujar, Kittle and Herzog helped the pitcher regain confidence in himself. "We Latinos are very sensitive," says Winston Llenas, the manager of Andujar's winter league team, *los Aguilas*. "You kick a U.S. player, and sometimes he plays harder. You kick a Latin, and he gets down on himself."

Andujar always has had the arm. He keeps it in shape by constantly doing curls with a 10-pound lead ball covered in white tape. He has never had any serious arm trouble. He can come over the

top and throw the ball 90-plus mph, or he can come from third base and whip the ball at the same speed. But until he arrived in St. Louis, he either had no idea of what he was doing, or too many ideas. And he'd been trying too hard.

Says Virdon, who was fired by the Astros last August and is now the Expos' manager, "I would never be surprised at anything Joaquin did. We knew his talent was outstanding, but we weren't able to keep him within himself, keep him from overthrowing. Whitey and Hub stayed with him, and he's done what we thought he could do. Sometimes personality has something to do with it. But you've got to give Joaquin a little credit for finding out what he had to do."

So at age 29, equipped with a new delivery, a renewed spirit and the same old arm, Andujar became one of the best pitchers in baseball in 1982. About the only thing he lacked was luck. His record of 15-10 could just as easily have been 22-3. In only one of his 37 starts did he give up more than four runs, and his ERA of 2.47 tied for second in the league.

Success didn't put a crimp in Andujar's antic ways, however. He explains his clubhouse manner by saying, "I try to drive everybody crazy." Through most of the season, he kept up a verbal battle with Shortstop Ozzie Smith, who delighted in irritating Andujar by calling him Jack. Says Smith, "When he

starts getting hyper out there, I'll go to the mound and stand there. He'll say, 'Get out of here, you little midget.' Then he's all right."

Andujar is also a switch-hitter the likes of which baseball has never seen. He bats righthanded against all southpaws and against righties he doesn't know or trust because, he says, "If they throw at me, I don't want to get hit in my pitching arm." He bats left-handed against righties he trusts because he makes better contact. He always bats righthanded because he bunts better from that side.

But in his special way, Andujar makes perfect sense. He insisted on taking batting practice during the Series even though the DH rule was in effect. "Since I have seven months of taking batting practice every time I pitch, why in the World Series, which is like any other game, shouldn't I take batting practice?" he says. "I pitch better when I take batting practice." Of course.

Two of the most vividly remembered episodes of the '82 Series involved Andujar. In the seventh inning of the third

*continued*



The rain on the red metal disks reminds Andujar of his boyhood.

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game, he was coasting along with a two-hit shutout when Ted Simmons hit a smash off his right knee. Andujar, in deep pain, writhed on the ground, and his career flashed before everybody's eyes. He had to be carried off the field.

But five days later, he started the seventh game and won, leaving in slightly different, but equally memorable fashion. "My knee bothered me from the first inning on," Andujar said afterward, "but I told my teammates, don't worry, nobody's going to beat me tonight." Two months after Simmons' shot, Andujar still carries a sizable bump below his right knee. He's also a little pained that he didn't win the Series MVP award.

Andujar came back to the Dominican a hero, maybe that baseball-mad country's biggest baseball hero since Juan Marichal. But he was also about to serve the second year of a three-year suspension from the Escogido club. It seems that Andujar and the team management had had some differences in 1981 as to when he would pitch. But, according to Andujar, the president of the republic, Salvador Jorge Blanco, intervened, and last November Andujar's contract was traded to las Aguilas. He was also offered a villa in Santiago if he would pitch for them. Youneverknow.

Andujar has two houses in San Pedro de Macoris. Only one is habitable. The other is a dream that became a nightmare. Andujar has a real interest in architecture, and he hopes to study the subject formally. Two years ago he began building a huge house of his own design across from the Universidad Central del Este.

It stands there, still unfinished, a monument to overreaching. Andujar tried too hard. The cement walls were misshapen and are now cracked. Horses use the house for shade. A squatter lives in back under a shelter constructed of unused cement blocks. Andujar was going to put a dome over the house, just like the one in Houston, but now he has all but given up trying to rescue the place.

The house Joaquin lives in with his wife, Walkiria, who is also his accountant, and his 3-year-old son, Jesse, is easy to find, although not by map. Drive to any street corner in San Pedro, hail a small boy and let him guide you to the bright red two-story edifice.

The first floor was built years ago by Saturnino, but the second floor is of Joaquin's design. The spacious patio above the street catches a nice breeze and looks out on the schoolyard of the Jose Joaquin Perez high school, where Andujar played as a boy.

Three days before he's to pitch in his first game for las Aguilas, Andujar is chatting away in one of his rockers. "Being called a *fantoche* [hot dog] doesn't bother me," he says. "Whoever plays baseball strong, they call him a hot dog. People think I'm crazy, but I'm not. Maybe sometimes I do funny things, but it's only because I'm being natural."

"Would you like a beer? It's great to be alive because when you are dead, you can't drink beer. On the field, I have no friends. I'm a mean sonofabitch. But off the field, I can be very nice."

Andujar points with

pride to nearly everything in the house: the curtains, the flowers, the pennants, the bar, the stereo, the hundred or so land crabs he raises out back. His biggest joy is his bedroom, with the giant red disks in the ceiling. "I hear the rain and remember where I came from," he says.

House tour over, he heads off to lunch at El Plano restaurant. Through his car window he shouts, "*Hasta el diablo*," at friends in the street. Over lunch he says, "Before the Cardinals got me, I was like a plant that needed water. Whitey and Huh, they poured water on me, and I grew to be a tree. With the World Series, the fruits came up. Not bad, huh?"

Later he makes an appointment for the next day. But the next day he vanishes. And the day after that? Youguessedit.

Normally there would be 8,000 people in Santiago's Estadio Cibao for a Sunday game between las Aguilas and Lucey, but there are more than 17,000 this time, many of them hanging over the fences. Andujar is to make his first Dominican League appearance in two years, and the game is being nationally televised.

Andujar has thrown exactly twice since the World Series. In batting practice two weeks before, he didn't allow any of his teammates to hit a ball out of the infield. He also warmed up lightly a week before this start. Nobody knows what to expect, least of all Manager Llenas, who's worried about Andujar's invaluable right arm.

On the sidelines, Andujar warms up as if he's pitching to the heart of the Milwaukee batting order. When he takes the mound, he receives a nice round of applause. In the first four innings, Andujar allows only a harmless single. Then, in the fifth, with las Aguilas ahead 3-0, Andujar gets Champ Summers to hit a soft comebacker. Andujar holds the ball until the last possible instant before firing to First Baseman Mike Laga, who's taken aback. With a count of 2-2 on Luis Pujols, Andujar throws a perfect slider—and shoots Pujols with his forefinger. Then he knocks down Tony Fernando, the only man to get a hit off him, before retiring him on a grounder. He leaves the field, under his own power this time.

In five innings against a team at least as good as the Reds, Andujar has allowed no runs, one hit and two walks and struck out six. As he heads for his shower he says, "I didn't have it today."

Youneverknow.

Andujar got carried both off and away in the Series.







"Imagine it," exults rising star Bob Thurman. "Four weapons to put a man down!"

**W**hat can you say to an outraged U.S. Customs man? Not much. At best, you assume an air of deference, hoping he won't pull you out of line and make you peel down to your underwear. This particular customs agent at Montreal's Dorval Airport is upset with Bob Thurman, a clean-cut youth from Kansas City, who isn't a diamond smuggler, a doper or a rumrunner. He doesn't even have a Cuban cigar on him. Thurman's sin is that he has been pointed out as the world super middleweight champion of a thing called PKA full-contact karate, and the customs guy is having none of it. "They don't let dogs fight anymore—you know,

pit bulls—and they've banned roosters from going at it," he says. "Which is exactly what they ought to do with your vicious sport."

Everybody looks innocently at the ceiling. Then Dave Cannady, Thurman's boxing trainer, steps softly to the defense. "Do you like hockey?" he asks.

The customs man draws himself up, as if his sanity had been questioned. "Of course I like hockey."

Cannady shrugs. "Well, then."

And while the officer considers the proposition that full-contact karate is every bit as gentle and tame as pro hockey, the Thurman party sort of sidesteps



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

aboard a flight to Chicago, with a connection to Kansas City. Thurman settles into his seat and rolls his shoulders, a gesture he uses to spin off excess energy. Lord, is this kid ever deceptive. Look at him. His face is smooth and unmarked. He has close-cropped, kind of messed-around curly hair, the hint of a dimple in his right cheek and pale-blue eyes ashine with innocence. In another era, he might have come dancing right out of an Andy Hardy movie. But now he wrinkles his forehead earnestly and says, "You know, I don't feel a bit tired or worn out. I'm not even sore anyplace. The thing is, I didn't get to hit that guy enough."

Consider that last statement and think God we've cleared customs and are airborne. For what Thurman had done the night before in suburban Montreal's Verdun Arena was destroy a worthy contender, one Eddie McCray of Detroit. He had belted him through the ropes and out onto the ring apron in Round 1. And then, 55 seconds into Round 2, Thurman had coolly stepped off to one side and kicked McCray into oblivion with a left foot to the jaw.

What we're talking about is creative violence, and the 22-year-old Thurman is one of its foremost practitioners, a man to be watched. That's because he's still

body, as if the two were separate personalities. Whenever Thurman fights these men share his corner, consulting each other on whether or not the opponent is being properly destroyed. It takes a moment for the mind to adjust to what's going on here: Thurman might come back between rounds to hear something like, "I think this guy's a sucker for a left roundhouse kick." And he's only too eager to deliver it.

Indeed, it's Thurman who appears endlessly in the ESPN television promotional clip for PKA full-contact karate. The clip, from a 1981 fight, starts just after Thurman has stunned Emilio Narvaez with a spectacular left hook. The TV audience sees the dazed Narvaez half-doubled over, he seems to be looking at the floor for a spot to lie down. Thurman carefully arranges Narvaez, as if he were an artist setting up a piece of soft sculpture—and then he leans to one side and kicks Narvaez so savagely in the head that he rises up sharply and disappears backward, off-camera, as the voice-over informs you, "PKA karate is the kick of the '80s."

Maybe so. In any case, Thurman's lengthening string of victories and the constant airing of the promo spot are gaining him more and more recognition

## Not Just A Lot Of Kicks

PKA full-contact karate packs a mean punch, too, which is why it has a leg up on becoming a hit

by BOB OTTUM

growing into his sport, even while he's world champion. He has won 21 of 22 fights since turning pro in 1979, 15 by knockout. He won his title last April and now has defended it three times, KO, TKO and KO. At 5'11" and 165 or so pounds, he's a puncher of hammering force, and a steadily improving kicker. Imagine it: Thurman has two coaches, one who teaches his upper body what to do and another who tutors his lower

and respect. "You know," he says, "I must be mellowing out. I haven't been in a street fight in a long time." A new air of respect also greets him at the Kansas City karate studio and boxing gym where he works out and at the International Fitness Center, the health spa where he pretends to train while lining up shapely girls at the club bar. Occasionally folks steal sidelong glances at Thurman, and some even confront him directly, as did

*continued*



comed



Thurman's trainers: Cannady (boxing), Mackey (karate).

two little old ladies recently in a Kansas City department store. Peering up at him, one said, "Ah, haah! You're in that TV commercial. You brute! How could you be so cold as to kick that poor young man in the head like that?"

"But, ma'am," Thurman said (and this is his standard reply and sincere belief), "if I hadn't done it to him, he would've done it to me."

Which seems to be a fair enough assessment of what one-on-one combat sports are all about, and because of that attitude, PKA karate may, indeed, become something of a kick in the '80s. Certainly, the sport is beginning to attract attention, and fresh blood is coming into it—which assuredly isn't a play on words. Once karate was populated mostly by punks, engaged in what was originally an essentially defensive physical discipline, as well as a mental and spiritual undertaking. The most spectacular aspect of karate then was the footwork, the kicks; the fighters used only the traditional hand blows—karate is Japanese for "empty hand." Boxing was tacked on later, and for a time there, full-contact looked awkward, even a little berserk.

That was a few years ago, when the

sport began drawing boxers who thought they saw in full-contact karate the chance for success in their own sport. They weren't the best boxers, understand; the best didn't cross over. But for those eager to switch, the lure of full-contact was that it looked easy. All you had to do was learn a few basic kicks and always remember to bow politely to your opponent just before you proceeded to pound the yogurt out of him.

"The unique result," says Jay T. Will, the PKA's No. 1 referee, "is that all of this is now potentially more violent than boxing—with both punching and kicking—but not nearly as destructive."

Thurman was one such recruit, perhaps the best example of that new breed, because he proved capable of developing into a kicker. All the PKA's world-ranked fighters are black belts, a status that few boxers other than Thurman have attained. Thurman's a gem, a natural brawler who made it to the 1980 Golden Gloves national middleweight quarterfinals on what looked like energy

alone. He saw his first full-contact karate fight about three years ago and marveled, "You mean you get to kick, too?" He promptly announced to anyone who would listen, "Hey, I'm going to be the next world champion of this, uh . . . whatever it is."

Now in the Chicago airport, Cannady reveals that Thurman had made his Montreal title defense with a broken nose. The break had come nine days earlier in training—they figured it had been caused by a modest instructional kick delivered by Thurman's karate teacher, Steve Mackey. The fracture was high across the bridge of the nose, and Thurman's crew had practically tippy-toed into Canada because he was afraid someone would find out and not let him fight. "So at the very last minute," he says, "we had to work on a lot of new stuff. I mean, like suddenly I was fighting very upright, with my head high, like of John L. Sullivan or somebody, because I sure didn't want McCray hauling off and kicking me in the nose."

Not that such a kick would necessarily have done Thurman in. He has been knocked off his feet only three times in his career, and been knocked out only once—not in the ring, but with a Coke bottle in a bar.

To understand where full-contact karate is going, one should take a quick look





at where it has been. One doesn't have to go all the way back to some dim Far Eastern past, with a gang of guys jumping around in floppy pajamas and yelling 'HIII-YA' while making chopping motions with their open hands. One need return only to the early 1970s in the U.S., when the martial arts scene was in turmoil. Karate was fragmented into innumerable styles and schools, and several governing organizations, with everybody staging his own tournaments and claiming to have the only real world champions. In some groups the fighters made only light contact; in some, it was heavier; in some, there was none. And there were the disciplines in which weapons—swords and staffs and *nunchakus*—were the thing. Karate and kung fu styles abounded—in fact, still abound—in their hundreds: in karate, the Korean *taekwon do* and innumerable other forms with their innumerable variations; and in kung fu, *The Way of the Tiger*, *The Drunken Monkey* and, who knows, *The Kick to the Shinbone and The Thumb in the Eye*. Naturally, each was the true discipline. By one count, in 1974, there were 19 different "official" martial-arts magazines on the stands, and the entire mess looked to an outsider like one big Bruce Lee-David Carradine-Chuck Norris spinoff.

In fact, what you had here was an



Don Quine (left), Wil (center rear) and Canadian PKAers surround the victorious Thurman.

enormous pool of profoundly dedicated, well-trained athletes, but no sport. Twenty-five hundred competitors could turn up for a tournament, but what karate was so unclear that it got to the point where TV producers, no matter how hungry for sports programming they may have been, used to grin and hide under their desks whenever the karate folks came around. Finally, in 1974, enter a couple of Californians named Don and Judy Quine, who seemed about as well qualified as anybody to bring a marketable sport out of the chaos.

Well, maybe more qualified. Both had show-biz backgrounds. Judy, now 50, is the daughter of the late Barney Balaban, founder of the Balaban and Katz theater empire and for 30 years the president of Paramount Pictures. Don, 44, was a Universal contract actor in 1965 and 1966, appearing in television's *The Virginian* and *Peyton Place*, but already pretty suspicious that he wasn't being groomed to be Paul Newman II. The Quines discovered karate through their kids, as many parents do, although it was perhaps easier for them, because between them they've got six children from earlier marriages. The next thing they knew, having casually agreed to help a pal put on a karate tournament, they found themselves enlisted as co-producers of a September 1974 weekend extravaganza at the Los Angeles Sports Arena.

"We called it *The First World Professional Karate Championships*," says Don. "for this reason: That seemed about as good as anything else to call it." They could just as easily have called it *The Kick in the Head Classic*. What was important was 1) the event drew an enthusiastic crowd and was taped for television replay and 2) nobody knew quite what was going on. That's about as clear as a message gets, and it was then that the Quines decided to give karate some structure—as Don says, "a parent orga-

*continued on page 77*



Thurman's fist-and-feet attack on McCray ended the world super middleweight title bout in Montreal 55 seconds into Round 2.

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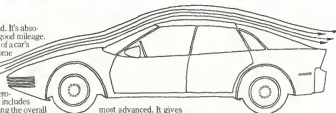
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**T**he atmosphere at a Super Bowl sometimes seems squeezed from a mathematician's imagination, dropped from a budget director's annual report, sprung from a computer gone wild. There is a hard rain of numbers, non-stop numbers.

How much? How many? How far? How fast? How high? How big? Big as that? Bigger? Bigger, still? Incredible! Numbers.

The countdown to kickoff. Nielsen ratings. Yards rushing. Yards passing. Hang time. Clans on the hall shell.

Balloons. Leaf jets. Money! Attendance. Crowds. Cars in the Vice-President's motorcade. Figures with every fact. More money! Can't tell the players without a scorecard. Points spreads. Temperature. Wind direction at game time. Winner's share. Loser's share. Still more money!!

Numbers.

No event on the American sports scene is so awash with numbers of every dimension. The Super Bowl is numbers in motion, numbers from the beginning of the day to the end of the day, numbers all the way to the Foot-

ball Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio—or the nearest bank.

Only the Super Bowl, of all the major events, has a number in its name. This year's game, to be played at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, will be Super Bowl XVII. Last year's game was Super Bowl XVI. The importance is right there in an ice sculpture, standing at attention among the Super Bowl buffet canapés, with everyone counting calories and forecasting field goals and dizzied by the whole scene.

Numbers



**V** The number, the Roman numeral, officially was added to the Super Bowl name for Super Bowl V in 1971. Assorted sportswriters had begun the practice of designating the games by Roman numerals as early as Super Bowl III, mostly as a way to separate the games, but also to help describe the seemingly larger-than-life Roman spectacle around the games. Kansas City Chiefs' owner Lamar Hunt reportedly suggested to National Football

League Commissioner Pete Rozelle that the numerals be made part of the name to further establish a tie to the past and, also, add a bit of class. Super Bowl V immediately created Super Bowls I, II, III and IV. The same way World War II created World War I

**131,000,000** How many? An estimate last year before Super Bowl XVI was that 131,000,000 people would watch the game on television. No other

American sporting event comes close to this number. An unofficial Las Vegas estimate was that \$260,000,000 would be bet on the game, legally and illegally. That would be almost \$2 per viewer. How much? Two dollars per viewer.

**12** One trend surfaces throughout the history of the game. The team with a quarterback wearing the number 12 usually wins the Super Bowl. Bob Griese wore No. 12 for the Miami Dol-



**131,000,000**



**12**

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phans' wins. Terry Bradshaw wore No. 12 for the Pittsburgh Steelers' wins. Roger Staubach wore No. 12 for the Dallas Cowboys' wins. Joe Namath wore No. 12 for the New York Jets. Ken Stabler wore No. 12 for the Oakland Raiders. Two additional facts should be added. Fran Tarkenton wore No. 10 for three of the Minnesota Vikings losses. The only No. 12 involved with last year's Super Bowl was Jack (The Throwin' Samoan) Thompson of the Cincinnati Bengals. He did not play. Maybe that's why the Bengals lost.



12



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**1,200,000** Before the computer revolution arrived and sportswriters sent their words into the electrical night, the NFL was able to estimate at Super Bowl X in 1976 that 1,200,000 words were written about that one game. No breakdown was given as to whether most of these words were nouns, pronouns, verbs, adverbs, prepositions or conjunctions, but most observers believed adjectives drew the heaviest play. The Super Bowl is really

an adjective day. A big, fat, slap-happy, adjective day.

**15** There never has been an overpowering, make-the-world-stand-still Super Bowl performance. Don Chandler, the Green Bay Packer kicker, still holds the one-game scoring record with 15 points in Super Bowl II in 1968. Only nine players have scored two touchdowns in a game. The one-day heroes' hero has not arrived. He is

awaited on Madison Avenue with even more excitement than kindergartners feel on Christmas Eve.

**900** Ogden's Food Service in the New Orleans Superdome at Super Bowl XII in 1978 catered untold numbers of private parties, served 900 box lunches to the press and the crowd consumed 900 kegs of beer. In addition to the beer, if you were holding the same game at your place you'd have to



**15**

**900**

**1,200,000**





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say: "Give me 107,000 sodas, 34,000 giant hot dogs, 29,000 regular hot dogs, 8,000 quarter-pound hamburgers, 15,000 super sandwiches, 5,000 other sandwiches, 28,000 bags of nachos, 27,000 bags of peanuts, 30,000 bags of popcorn, 16,000 ice-cream sundaes, 10,000 frozen strawberry daiquiris and 25,000 other assorted cocktails. That's to go. And make it snappy. I have 75,000 people dropping by in an hour."



RICHARD FLEWELL



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**\$19,500** Probably the most extravagant tour package ever offered to the game was offered in 1979 for Super Bowl XIII by Bob Bickel of Boca Raton, Fla. The game was at the Orange Bowl in Miami and for \$19,500, Bickel offered three days of opulence aboard his 83-foot yacht *Tulip II*. His Lear jet would pick up six people anywhere in the country, give them a champagne breakfast and take them to Miami

where a chauffeured limo would be waiting at the airport. Three days of cruising in the South Florida waters would follow, Continental cuisine all the way. The highlight would be a limo trip to the game and seats on the 40-yard line. After the game they would be returned to their homes by Lear jet and limo. Bickel said the hardest part of putting together the package was "getting the tickets."

**17-0** The grandest finish of all belonged to the Miami Dolphins, who completed their 17-0 season with a 14-7 win over the Washington Redskins in Super Bowl VII in Los Angeles in 1973. Football experts generally agree that this feat will probably never be duplicated. Parity has been achieved. Also, the regular season has been expanded to 16 games. A 17-0 record would only take a team into the conference finals.

**\$19,500**



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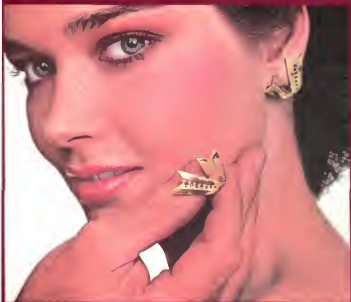


**17-0**



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**11** The two most popular Super Bowl names have been Smith and Davis. Eleven Smiths have appeared in the Super Bowl: Butch Ray, Buhha, Charles, Fletcher, Jackie, Jerry, Jim, Paul, Ron, Steve and Tody. Also eleven Davises: Bruce, Charlie, Clarence, Doug, Johnny, Kyle, Mike, Oliver, Sam, Steve and Willie. There have been nine Johnsons, eight Thomases, eight Andersons, six Williamses, but only three Joneses in the game. There has been

only one Emerson Boozer, one Remi Prudhomme and just one Godfrey Zaunbrecher

**233,600** An immediate effect of a Super Bowl win can be measured in newspaper sales. The day after the 49ers won last year's Super Bowl, the morning *San Francisco Chronicle* and the evening *San Francisco Examiner* printed and sold 898,600 papers. This was 233,600 copies more than their normal daily circulation.

**356** No team had ever gained more yards in the Super Bowl than its opponent and lost the game. Not until last year. The Cincinnati Bengals gained 356 yards, 81 more than the San Francisco 49ers, in their 26-21 loss. The most important statistic, alas, was the two feet they didn't gain when they were stopped, four times, in the third quarter at the 49ers' goal line.

**11****233,600****356**

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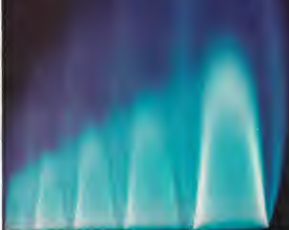


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**80** The longest Super Bowl touchdown pass, 80 yards, was thrown by Jim Plunkett of the Oakland Raiders in Super Bowl XV at the New Orleans Superdome in 1981, but it was hardly a play of beauty. Plunkett tossed a short sideline pass to Halfback Kenny King at his own 39 and when Philadelphia Eagle Cornerback Herman Edwards tried for an interception and missed, King simply raced, untouched, the rest of the way down the field for the score.

Much more exciting was Baltimore Colt Quarterback Johnny Unitas' 75-yarder to Tight End John Mackey in Super Bowl V at Miami's Orange Bowl in 1971. The pass flicked off Dallas Cowboy Defensive Back Mel Renfro's fingertips and into Mackey's arms. He turned and rolled while the Cowboys argued that Baltimore Wide Receiver Eddie Hinton, not Renfro, had touched the ball, which would have made the pass reception illegal. Not so. Not even in the films the next day.

**58** The longest run from scrimmage was 58 yards, made by Baltimore Colt Tom Matte, and it was one of the few good plays in the Colts' struggle against Joe Namath and the New York Jets during Super Bowl III in the Orange Bowl in '69. Matte was tackled 16 yards short of the end zone. Two plays later Colt Quarterback Earl Morrall's pass for Willie Richardson was intercepted by Jet Cornerback Johnny Sample. The Jets were rolling. Later in the

**80****58**



**Master Mechanic Workbench**  
has movable vise, takes stock up to 27", holds 5 flat Tilt and legs adjust 5 open positions MW100 **49<sup>99</sup>**



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has easy-reading 1" wide blade power lock-return switch self-adjust end hook removable belt clip MW45 **6<sup>99</sup>**



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joins wood, metal, leather fabric from 1 side 2 nosepieces set 1/8" 5/32 3/16" steel and aluminum rivets K100M **6<sup>99</sup>**

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sharpens tools, saw blades, mowers and more 8 flat, 6 round 6 skin taper, 8 rasp with 4 surfaces MW55101 **9<sup>99</sup>**



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All heavy-gauge steel roomy 16 hip-roof design, tote tray, padlock eye For hobby or shop use 615 **7<sup>99</sup>**

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has 15 500-thru drawers to organize nails, screws, small parts in the home, shop or garage Steel cabinet MW11 **7<sup>99</sup>**

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has 26.7-oz. propane cylinder solid brass valve and burner assembly 3 flame tips spark lighter MW10 **13<sup>99</sup>**

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16-oz. octagon steel head, with shock-absorbing hollow-core fiber-glass handle G2MW **10<sup>48</sup>**



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game Johnny Unitas earned the Colts their only touchdown, but the Jets prevailed, 16-7. It was their day. The day the game became a two-sided event.

**16,000 (est).** No larger collection of perfect teeth can be found anywhere than on the field during a Super Bowl halftime show featuring the Up With People group. If each of the 500 adolescent singers is absolutely free of cavities, and if each has the normal 32

teeth, then that's 16,000 pearly whites smiling at the TV cameras. The NFL has tried various formats for halftimes during the 16 Super Bowl years, ranging from a re-creation of the War of 1812 to the showcasing of major singing stars, but recently they have employed these Up With People cut-outs. They bounce, they step, they sing, they smile, oh, how they smile, they look like they eat all their vegetables and wash behind their ears. They are the

only people in the entertainment business who can make the Osmond Family seem decadent.

**5** No player has played in more than five Super Bowls. Seven players have appeared in five: Mary Fleming, Larry Cole, Cliff Harris, D D Lewis, Preston Pearson, Charlie Waters and Rayfield Wright. That record will not be broken this year. All those players have retired.

**16,000 (est.)**



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**5**

## Introducing Mazda 626.

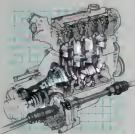
A series of front-wheel-drive road cars  
brilliantly conceived to set a new standard  
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# Experience the 1983 Mazda 626 Sport Sedan, Sport Coupe, and unique new 5-Door Touring Sedan.

In creating the all-new front-wheel-drive Mazda 626 Series, we set ourselves a formidable task. Superb road cars are already being produced in Europe, America, and Japan. Yet it became our goal to do nothing less than match our competitors in styling, comfort, and performance. And to surpass them in overall value.

Accomplishing this objective took four years of painstaking research and development. Testing was almost ceaseless. We froze our prototype in the wilds of Canada. We tried it in the Australian desert. And on Germany's autobahns we compared it one on one with the best that Europe has to offer.



New 2-litre overhead cam engine (shown with transaxle) is lighter, quieter, more compact—and more powerful.

During this time, Mazda engineers reviewed, analyzed, and ultimately improved upon the very concept of the modern road car. The result is a totally new automobile, not a mere updating of the previous 626.

Its shape is new. The taut lines and unduttered surfaces of the 626 are aesthetically pleasing. But due to exhaustive wind-tunnel testing, they are also aerodynamically efficient. In fact, the 626 Sport Coupe achieves a remarkably low drag coefficient of 0.34, equal to that of the Mazda RX-7 sports car.

Its 2-litre overhead cam engine is new. Compared with its predecessor, internal

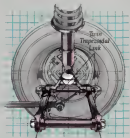
friction at higher speeds has been reduced 20%. It has 8% fewer moving parts and is 57 lbs. lighter. It is at once quieter, more compact, and more powerful.



Its 4-wheel independent suspension is new. Our engineers evaluated 21 different rear suspension systems before choosing an independent strut design that makes use of Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arms. This part of the suspension is so unique that it has actually been patented by Mazda.

The geometry of Mazda's Twin Trapezoidal Link improves directional control by inducing the rear wheels to "toe in" when cornering or going over bumps.

The Sport Coupe and 5-Door Touring Sedan also have a suspension feature you will find on no other car in the world: Mazda's Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers. Using buttons on the instrument panel, the driver can alter the stiffness of the shocks to suit various driving conditions.

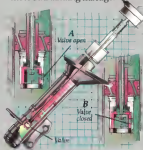


Unique geometry of Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link rear suspension gives the new 626 superb directional control.

Its front-wheel-drive system is new. At its heart lies a masterfully engineered transaxle (a single unit that serves as both transmission and differential). Shifting is crisp and smooth. And because power is transmitted

through a center bearing, the half-shafts that drive the front wheels are of equal length. This means that the major cause of "torque steer" has been eliminated.

Its fuel economy is new. Almost everything about the new 626—from its wind-tunnel aerodynamics to its low-friction engine—was designed to promote outstanding mileage.



With Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers, driver can select normal damping force (A) or one that is firmer, sportier (B). In AUTOMATIC mode, shocks stay at normal until speed rises above 50 mph, at which time front shocks stiffen for better "road feel."

Now that the 1983 Mazda 626 is here, we hope you will experience it for yourself with a test drive.

Experience its impressive handling, its lively acceleration, its quiet power, its marvelous comfort, its extraordinary list of standard features. Then consider its reasonable price.

We think you'll agree that the all-new Mazda 626 Series represents a value a cut above any other road car in the world.

## 1983 Mazda 626 Prices

Sport Sedan . . . . .	\$7595
Sport Coupe . . . . .	\$7895
Luxury Sport Sedan . . .	\$8895
Luxury Sport Coupe . . .	\$9295
5-Door Touring Sedan . .	\$9895

Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options (tire/al wheel shown) and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice. Availability of vehicles with specific features may vary.



4-Door Sport Sedan



2-Door Sport Coupe



5-Door Touring Sedan



4-Door Sport Sedan

## Mazda 626 Series. Designed to give you the comfort and convenience you expect in a world-class road car.

When we design a car at Mazda, we give a lot of thought to its interior. Ideally, it should be a roomy, comfortable, convenient living space. And that's exactly what you get inside the all-new Mazda 626.

Our attention to detail knows no limit. For example, the 626 Sport Sedan and Sport Coupe feature a driver's seat that adjusts six ways. But wait. On our Luxury models, the seat adjusts 10 ways (see illustration).

As a further measure of the 626's outstanding value, consider its extensive list of standard features. All 626 models come equipped with the following:

5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Steel-belted radial tires • Rack-and-pinion steering

- Power-assisted front disc brakes • Halogen headlamps
- Electric rear window defroster
- Remote trunk release • Split fold-down rear seatbacks • Tilt



10-way adjustable driver's seat has headrest with angle and height adjustment, seatback angle adjustment with fine-tuning capability, side support adjustment, lumbar support adjuster, seat cushion tilt mechanism, seat slide adjustment, seat height adjuster, and a unique recliner "memory."

adjustable steering column  
 • Quartz digital clock • Full cut-pile carpeting • Carpeted luggage compartment • Tachometer  
 • Heater duct for rear-seat passengers • Trip odometer • Tinted glass • Remote fuel filler lid release • And much more.

For a complete list, send for our free catalog.

Mazda 626 Sport Sedan shown above with optional AM/FM MPX radio

### GET THE COMPLETE MAZDA 626 STORY.

We're anxious to send you a free copy of our 32-page, full-color catalog describing the all-new 1983 Mazda 626 Series. Just send your name, address, city, state, and zip code to the following address and mention that you'd like the 626 catalog.

Marketing & Marketing Inc.  
 670 North Batavia Street  
 Orange, CA 92668  
 Attn: Mazda 626 Offer

# MAZDA

The more you look, the more you like.

**-57** There will be a physical difference in this year's Super Bowl champs from other Super Bowl champs. The difference will be that this year's champs worked 57 days less. This was the year of The Great Strike, everything kept at parade rest through the most pleasant autumn months of the season while the players glared at the owners and the owners glared back. An estimated eight billion words of invective were used by each side and an esti-

mated \$200 million in revenues lost before the players returned to work on Nov. 17 for the shortened nine-game season, plus playoffs. The important figures for the players in the end were \$1.6 billion for the next five years.

**O-for-2** Joe Gilliam, back-up quarterback for the Pittsburgh Steelers, cashed two Super Bowl checks, but never appeared in a Super Bowl game.

**\$13.80** The average amount of money spent by the average spectator at the Silverdome in Pontiac, Michigan at Super Bowl XVI last year was \$13.80. This amount covered money spent for food and souvenirs, but did not include money spent for phone calls to bookmakers at halftime, money spent to buy mittens from the spectator in the next seat for the cold trip home or money spent for aspirin to recover

REYNOLD J. COBBLES

SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT	SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
1 2 3 4 5 6 7	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14	8 9 10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20 21	15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27 28	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
29 30	29 30 31
NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT	SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
1 2 3 4 5 6 7	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14	8 9 10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20 21	15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27 28	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
29 30	29 30 31



**-57**



**O-for-2**

**\$13.80**

WALTER (1971) JR.

# Puerto Rican White Rum is six ways smoother than gin or vodka.

1. Rum Bloody Mary

2. Rum and Soda.

3. Rum Screwdriver.

4. Rum Martini.

5. Rum and Tonic.

6. Rum on the Rocks.

**Aging is the reason why.** Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness gin or vodka can't match. Rum from Puerto Rico, by law, is aged for a full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

**RUMS OF PUERTO RICO**

*Aged for smoothness and taste.*





from the money spent during the rest of Super Bowl week.

**145.1** Jim Plunkett of the Oakland Raiders recorded the highest quarterback rating in Super Bowl history with a 145.1 in Super Bowl XV in '81. This may be a wonderful figure, but nobody knows for sure because nobody knows how quarterback ratings are determined. Some authorities in the NFL say that the number of passes, the

number of completions and the number of yards gained are involved, but other authorities say the rating involves the time since last haircut, pictures on magazine covers and the square of the hypotenuse. The Oakland Raiders did win over the Philadelphia Eagles, 27-10. Plunkett did play pretty well.

**0.00** There never has been a game-winning play made in the last second of

a Super Bowl game. Jim O'Brien's 32-yard field goal with 56 seconds left to give the Baltimore Colts a 16-13 win over the Dallas Cowboys in Super Bowl V was the closest the game has ever come to last-ditch drama. There has been an 00, Oakland Center Jim Otto's uniform number in Super Bowl II in 1968, and there have been a lot of "oh-ohs," usually spoken by defensive backs a half second after they have shipped, but no 0.00.

**145.1**



**0.00**



**25** The approximate distance from each team's designated training site to the location of the Super Bowl game is usually 25 miles. The NFL, no matter where the big game is played, does a very good job of diluting the pressures on the players by stashing the teams a healthy distance from the center of the action. If the game is in Miami, the teams prepare in Ft. Lauderdale and Key Biscayne. If the game is in Los Angeles, they can be found in Anaheim

and Long Beach. In Pontiac, Michigan, for Super Bowl XVI last year, they stayed in Troy and Southfield, though both took turns practicing at the Silverdome. The ultimate Super Bowl presumably would be held in St. Louis, with one team training in Minneapolis and the other in New Orleans.

**14 minus 7** For the second time in the game's history, Super Bowl "week" this year will last only seven

days! It will be a reduction from the normal 14-day Super week due to the post-strike revamped format. The only other time the two Super Bowl teams had just one week to prepare for the game was back in 1970 when the AFL's Kansas City Chiefs upset the NFL champion Minnesota Vikings 23-7 in New Orleans. That win by the Chiefs gave the underdog AFL an even split at two games apiece in the four Super Bowls that were held before interleague play started in the 1970 season.

© CHART TOWN LTD.

**25****14 minus 7**

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# PPG CHEMICALS KEEP YOU ON THE BALL.



# ON THE ROAD.



# ON THE TRACK.



# ON THE SLOPES.



A lot of the chemicals we make help make your life more fun. Our ethylene glycol goes into the polyester that makes tennis outfits so easy to care for. CR-39<sup>®</sup> monomer makes for lightweight, stylish sunglasses with excellent optical qualities. Hi-Sil<sup>®</sup> silica gives the soles on a lot of running shoes extra resistance to tearing. And our caustic soda helps process aluminum ore into metal for ski edges.

PPG Chemicals. A lot of your favorite sports are our favorite sports. PPG Industries, Inc., 5-North, One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, PA 15272.

Chemicals

**PPG**  
INDUSTRIES



**"Thanks anyway, but without Jensen speakers,  
you're only going halfway."**

Your speakers are the final—and maybe most important—link in your car audio system. And the technical excellence of Jensen<sup>®</sup> speakers is legendary. Jensen invented the Triax<sup>®</sup> 3-way speaker system and it became the most imitated speaker in the world.

So now that Jensen engineers receivers too, naturally people recognize that same quality. But some of them are making a big mistake, by hooking that Jensen receiver up to speakers that are just not Jensen quality.

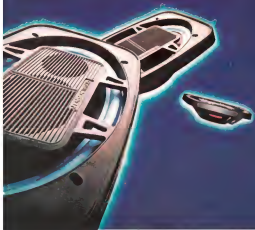
A truly great car audio system starts with a Jensen receiver, and goes all the way with the quality sound of Jensen speakers, too. That way, great sound won't be sidetracked on the way to your ear.

Seeing the name Jensen on a receiver is a terrific start. But if it's the sound that moves you, you want to hear Jensen from beginning to end. The way to do that is with Jensen speakers. Anything less is only halfway.

**JENSEN**  
CAR AUDIO

**When it's the sound  
that moves you.**

© Jensen Sound Laboratories, 1982. "Triax" and "Jensen" are registered trademarks identifying Jensen Sound Laboratories as the producer of the patented 3-way speaker systems.



**11,700** The host Detroit Lions received 11,700 tickets for Super Bowl XVI in '82. The two competing teams, San Francisco and Cincinnati, each got 11,700. The remaining teams in the league were allotted 780 tickets apiece. As always, the rest of the tickets were distributed by the league to sponsors of commercials and other good economic works. The ticket hunt is everywhere. The host team annually claims it doesn't have enough tickets to

satisfy its fans. Somehow, however, there's always a man in the hotel lobby whispering, "Pssst, you looking for two near the 30?" He invariably has enough to satisfy his customers. For a price.

**2** A record is a record. No matter what. Roger Staubach and Butch Johnson of the Dallas Cowboys share the record for most fumbles recovered in a Super Bowl game—two—with Randy

Hughes of Dallas and Jake Scott of Miami. Staubach and Johnson, however, did it the easy way. They recovered their own fumbles.

**25** Ken Anderson of the Cincinnati Bengals set the record for most pass completions with 25 in Super Bowl XVI last year. This broke the record of 18 by Fran Tarkenton of the Minnesota Vikings in Super Bowl VIII in '74 and Ron Jaworski of the Philadelphia Ea-



WALTER - 1982 JR

**2**



HEINE - 1982 JR



**25**



PORT - 1982 JR

**11,700**

gles in Super Bowl XV in '81. The value of the record is obvious. All three quarterbacks played for losing teams.

**\$400,000** The annually heralded price for an advertising half-minute during the Super Bowl telecast escalates to \$400,000 for Super Bowl XVII. This is not the amount that all advertisers pay—a season-long NFL advertiser would pay less as part of his package—but this is what the fan at

home would have to pay to say hello to all of his friends across the country. The fan at home could have bought the same half-minute during the telecast of Super Bowl I in 1967 for only \$35,000!

**40-for-60** Joe Kapp and the Minnesota Vikings charged into Super Bowl IV in New Orleans in 1970 with the snappy slogan "40 for 60." This meant that all 40 players would band together for 60 tough minutes of foot-

ball. Alas, Kapp didn't make all 60 because he was tackled hard by Kansas City Chief Defensive End Aaron Brown in the fourth period and had to leave with his right arm hanging limply. The Vikes didn't make it with 39 for 60, Kansas City winning, 23-7.

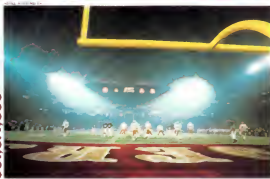
**\$61,814,800** Why do cities bid for the Super Bowl? The Metropolitan Detroit Convention and Visitors Bureau estimated that Super Bowl XVI generated \$61,814,800 for Southwest

400,000



40-for-60

\$61,814,800



THE  
SUPER  
BOWL



SPECIAL  
ADVERTISING  
INSERT

Michigan. The survey estimated that 39% of that figure was spent for lodging, 26% for meals, 12% on other entertainment. The average visitor spent \$138.30 per day. This was without a single cent having been spent for sun-tan lotion.

**\$35,000**

The only team to make the maximum amount of money from a Super Bowl was the Oakland Raiders in Super Bowl XV. This was because they



**\$35,000**

# LAS VEGAS



**P**

ack sportswear when you're headed to Las Vegas. Play and watch the action — championship boxing, golf tournaments, tennis opens, rodeos and auto races. All in one resort city priced to beat the competition.

From Downtown's upcoming Cashman Convention and Sports Complex to the playing fields of the Strip, Las Vegas wins out as the world's favorite vacation and convention city.

Whatever your game, no one does it better than the Star of the U.S.A. So you pack the bags and Las Vegas will pack unbeatable resort value into your stay. Ask your travel agent for details.

**The Resort Bargain of the World.**



Las Vegas Convention and Visitors Authority



## ONE OF THE BEST THINGS ABOUT A MIDAS BRAKE JOB IS THE PART THAT GOES IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

It's the Midas® Guarantee on brake shoes and disc brake pads. And it says that if they ever wear out, Midas will replace them free for as long as you own your car. At over 1200 participating Midas shops across the country.

That means you'll never have to buy brake shoes or pads for your car again. You will be charged for additional parts and labor required to restore the brake system to its proper operation.

Most places that do brake jobs won't give you a guarantee like ours. But we offer the Midas Guarantee for one good reason. Because we think the best way to make sure we have your business, is to make sure we have your trust.

**Trust the Midas Touch.**

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**MIDAS®**



were the only wild-card team ever to win the Super Bowl. By finishing 11-5, they were forced to play the extra, wild-card game on their way to the title. This brought each Raider an extra \$3,000 to go along with the \$5,000 he got for winning the next game, \$9,000 for winning the conference title and \$18,000 for defeating Philadelphia in the New Orleans Superdome. Some Raiders had to return some of that money to management immediately. The fine for missing curfew was a flat

\$1,000. This was New Orleans. Unofficial estimates were that \$15,000 was collected in such fines.

**-7** No stranger emotion is found at the Super Bowl than the semi-good cheer of a bettor who has won his wager while his favorite team has lost the game. An example was some Dallas Cowboy fans at Super Bowl X in the Orange Bowl in 1976. Their team was a seven-point underdog, but only lost 21-17 to the Pittsburgh Steelers. The

next morning at Miami International Airport, wanting to go home, some Cowboy fans were heard chanting, "We're No. 2." They were smiling.

**\$70,000** This is not the down payment on a condo in Palm Beach or the price of some antique silver service at Sotheby's. Each player on this year's Super Bowl winner will receive \$70,000. Winning the game, itself, will be worth \$36,000 and the three earlier



**\$70,000**



**-7**

# THE NEW AE-1 PROGRAM

## Nobody has been able to make fine photography this simple. Until now.

There has never been a high quality 35mm SLR camera as simple to use as the Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. That's why people who don't have time for complicated cameras—like Washington Redskins quarterback Joe Theismann—carry it with them wherever they go. And you should, too.

Indoors or out, day or night—in any light—the AE-1 PROGRAM is designed to give you perfect pictures automatically. You just focus and shoot. Really. When set on PROGRAM, the advanced electronics inside provide total automation, so you can concentrate on your subject.



For action photography, there's also shutter-priority automation, which lets you choose a speed fast enough to freeze moving subjects while the



camera's electronic brain automatically adjusts the lens opening for the lighting conditions.

Flash photography is totally automatic as well: and with the new Canon Speedlite 185A with built-in exposure confirmation, you can tell you've gotten a perfect flash picture before removing your

eye from the viewfinder!

There are new and exciting accessories that add even more versatility. The Power Winder A2 provides single-frame and continuous motorized shooting at up to two frames-per-second. Or, for really fast action, you can add the

Motor Drive MA for up



to 4 fps, rapid sequence shooting.

There are eight interchangeable focusing screens and nearly fifty Canon FD lenses that fit the AE-1 PROGRAM. So you can shoot a wide-angle panorama, do candid portraits or use a Canon zoom lens to really reach out and bring your subjects up close. Best of all, when you add any of these exciting accessories, shooting is still automatic. And just as simple.

Ask your Canon dealer to show you the camera that makes fine photography simple. The new Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. It's one more reason we're the world's leader in 35mm photography.



The Official  
35mm Camera  
of the 1984  
Olympic Games

# Canon

# AE-1

PROGRAM



Photographic  
Consultants to  
the National  
Football League



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wans in this year's four-week "Super Bowl Tournament" will be worth another \$34,000. It makes the Super Bowl the largest one-day championship payday in American team sports.

**103,985** The record for Super Bowl attendance thus far was set during Super Bowl XIV—at this year's site, the Rose Bowl—in 1980. The game has visited Miami five times, New Orleans five times and, if you add the two

**103,985**

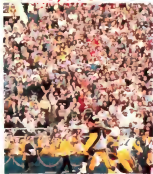


PHOTO COURTESY OF NFL

# CANON LENSES

## Designed, engineered and built for Canon cameras.

Millions of satisfied customers know it's hard to beat the sharp, bright color pictures you get with a Canon SLR camera. One reason? Canon lenses.

Canon cameras provide a perfectly-matched combination of electronic and optical technology, with all Canon FD lenses designed specifically to function with the cameras' advanced computer brains. It takes just seconds to switch from your standard lens to a Canon zoom that will let you reach out and bring your subjects up close. With Canon "A" Series cameras, like the AE-1 PROGRAM, everything's still automatic!



There are nearly fifty Canon FD wide-angle, telephoto and zoom lenses designed to let you create the pictures you've always wanted to take: portraits of your favorite people, sweeping panoramas of vacation spots and fantastic action photos in a stadium or in your own backyard. The only thing that changes when you change lenses is what you see in the viewfinder. And what you see is what you get!

Visit your Canon dealer and see how Canon lenses can add to your enjoyment of photography. If you don't already own a

Canon SLR camera, Canon lenses are one more reason you should!



FD 135mm f/2 lens



FD 35-70mm f/4.0 zoom lens



FD 100-300mm f/5.6 zoom lens



FD 200mm f/2.8 lens

# Canon FD LENSES

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games at the Los Angeles Coliseum to the two played at the Rose Bowl, this will be Los Angeles' fifth Super Bowl. The game has been played indoors three times, in the rain three times, and at an assortment of starting times.

**30** Orange Bowl officials once estimated that they would have to remove 30 tons of trash after a Super Bowl game. The clean-up would involve three days, 20 to 25 people, and 16

truckloads of refuse. No particular attention would be paid to broken hearts, discarded hopes or had memories left behind on the playing field.

**1** The ultimate Super Bowl picture is one arm pointed heavenward with one index finger extended at the top. No. 1. The final number. The important number. One year ago the picture contained Bill Walsh or Joe Montana or some other member of the team from

San Francisco, The 49ers. The only team in the 28-team league with a number as part of its name. Figures, huh? Numbers.  
The Super Bowl.

by **LEIGH MONTVILLE**



# THE POWER IS WITHIN YOUR REACH.



## TIMEX INTRODUCES THE POWER OF THE COMPUTER FOR UNDER \$100\*

**TIMEX** **sinclair 1000**

This new computer from Timex represents a major breakthrough: a real computer at an almost unreal price. What makes it possible are our advances in microchip technology and computer circuitry. And, as technology increases, price decreases. It happened to the calculator. It happened to the digital watch. Now Timex has made it happen to the computer.

The Timex Sinclair 1000™ allows you to use your own TV as a display monitor, and your audio cassette

recorder for storing programs. For under \$100\* you get everything else you need, including our step-by-step learning guide that'll have you running programs within hours. And writing them within weeks.

Pre-programmed cassettes for the Timex Sinclair 1000 are available on such subjects as education, finance and entertainment. And for under \$50\* you can add an additional 16K RAM memory bank that will let you do further advanced programs.

The power of the computer is within your reach today. Visit your local retailer or call our toll-free

number 1-800-248-4639 for the Timex computer dealer nearest you.



**TIMEX COMPUTERS**

**THE POWER IS WITHIN YOUR REACH**

\*Suggested retail price.

© Timex Computer Corporation, 1983

If you expect a truck to quickly pay for itself in work done and fuel saved, you've come to the place where somebody did it right.

For a great price: \$5998,\* the new 1983 Toyota Standard Bed Truck delivers the goods. In the bed. Under the hood. And in driving comfort, too.

Out back it handles 1400 pounds of goods.\*\* With ease.

In performance, you get a dependable 2.4 liter SOHC engine — the largest engine in its class. With a hefty 100\*\*\* horsepower rating and fuel efficiency that's even more impressive: 32

Estimated Highway MPG.† EPA Estimated MPG.\*\*\*\* Add that to the electronic ignition system, 4-speed synchromesh transmission and power-assisted brakes, and you've got the goods to make the delivery easy. Normal maintenance an infrequent and simple affair. And durability something you can bank on.

The good news in driving comfort is a full bench seat with room for three. Steering-column mounted controls are also designed for easy operation.

The new 1983 Toyota Standard Bed Truck. Once you

## OH WHAT A FEELING! TOYOTA

check it out, its price will convince you to drive it out.

\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Dealer's actual retail price may vary. Price does not include tax, license, transportation, optional or regionally required equipment.

\*\*Including occupants, equipment and cargo.

\*\*\*96 HP in the State of California.

\*\*\*\*Based on: Compares this estimate to the EPA "Estimated MPG" of other gasoline-powered trucks with manual transmission. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the "Highway Estimate."

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

## THE LOW-PRICED TRUCK THAT MEETS HIGH EXPECTATIONS.



# \$5998!\*



continued

nization, like the PGA is to pro golf." You can call this one the PKA.

The first order of PKA business was to whoop up a set of rules. "There was still a lot of Far Eastern philosophy hanging in the air," says Judy. "The action was exciting, even pretty, but who could understand it? Some fighters used open hands like ax blades; some used fists. There was even a thing called Texas Light Contact. Forget it. And in some bouts, when a fighter dropped an opponent, he'd quickly kneel and deliver a pretend blow to the head or throat, showing how he'd kill his foe if this were real. So now you're saying to the audience, 'This is real, folks, but it's really not.'"

There were no roped rings then; most bouts were staged on mats, and the fighters wore gis, the traditional baggy tops and bottoms. "Somehow the guys didn't look like they were serious about fighting," says Don. In this attire, the action did, to the non-afficionado, have a sort of dreamy, Doctor Denton quality. Don stripped the fighters to the waist, so fans could see muscled chests and washboard abdomens. And gradually the pants have been slimmed down, so that the principals no longer come out looking like fugitives from a chorus line from *The Thief of Baghdad*. Boxing gloves were added, eight to 10 ounces these days, plus mouthpieces and protective cups, shin guards and the foam footpieces that are strapped over the tops of bare feet. The footies are made of closed-cell foam coated with PVC vinyl. Unhappily, no matter how balletic and graceful the sport is at times, the feet look chunky, as if the fighters have strapped on high-gloss prehistoric hooves. But the guards protect the delicate bones of the feet, to say nothing of the delicate bones of the face, and clunkiness seems like a small enough price to pay.

As for combat styles, the Quines quickly set about developing a consistent, comprehensible set of rules. "We had a stylized form at first, three punches, followed by a kick," says Judy. "It was like a conga line out of some Carmen Miranda epic: One, two, three, kick! That had to go."

A lot of the old stuff went, too. Don used the California boxing rule book as a rough PKA guide, starting in exotic elements as he went. The PKA now has eight regulatory committees, and its rule book runs to 26 pages. The Quines consulted fighters, trainers, doctors and stress experts—"at the beginning we weren't even sure how long a round should last," says Judy—and finally it was determined that rounds should be of two minutes' duration with one-minute rests in between, and that bouts should consist of between five and 12 (for title fights) rounds. Rules call for a minimum of eight serious kicks per round, none below the waist; no clinching, ever; a stand-



Mom Judy Quine: six kids and the PKA.

ing eight count; and none of that nasty Thai kick-boxing stuff, which includes everything from your basic groin shots to kneeing, grabbing, head-butting and general ungentlemanliness. "The audience," says Judy, "wants action, not blood."

And, obviously, no serious mishaps. Indeed, in the eight years since the PKA was born, there have been no fatalities, no crippling injuries. Only twice has a fighter in a PKA-sanctioned bout stayed overnight in a hospital. "There are a couple of reasons for this," says Referee Will. "For one thing, most of these fighters are black belts, and it takes a lot of

discipline to earn one. So they're generally in better physical shape than boxers. Look, we don't get just anybody who wanders in off the street. For another thing, there's no punishing in-fighting." The fighters' upright stance—needless to say, nobody can deliver a kick while crouching, and to lean forward is to invite a boot in the nose—serves to keep them farther apart.

Which brings up the old question: Say we throw a boxer and a full-contact karate man into the same ring. Who wins?

It's very simple, says Kerry Roop of Rochester, Mich., the PKA world light heavyweight champion. Roop concedes that the boxer would reduce the karate guy to something like chipped beef on toast. "I've got absolutely no chance against Michael Spinks," he says.

The main problem in the early days of the PKA was a lack of stars to stir up interest. "The sport has a great tradition, but no sense of nostalgia like, say, baseball," says Judy. "What we needed," says Don, "was a hero to catch the imagination of fans." They found him in the legendary middleweight Bill (Superfoot) Wallace, whose career spanned the full confused range of karate competition, from no-contact through PKA bouts. The super foot in question was his left. "You couldn't train for a fight with Wallace. You couldn't find anybody fast enough to spar with," says former middleweight Joe Corley, now the PKA executive vice-president and *The Voice of PKA Karate*, who does most of the ESPN commentary and has produced 130 events for that network. Among Corley's other accomplishments has been getting "killed" by Benny (The Jet) Urquidez in the film, *Force Five*. "We did 24 takes of him killing me with a jump roundhouse kick with his combat boots on," Corley says. "A fun way to spend an afternoon."

Corley, who fought Superfoot in 1975 and retired in 1977, observes, "Wallace could come up from the floor to your head before you could throw a punch—his foot would travel six feet before your hand could travel six inches. And he could shift his balance so fast you couldn't see where he was coming from." Wallace won the PKA world title in 1974 and successfully defended it 23 times before retiring undefeated at 33 in 1980.

As more and more marketable fighters

continued



continued

have come aboard, the PKA has swelled into an organization that sanctioned 196 events in some 100 cities around the world in 1982, with 32 events being televised. It will easily top those figures in '83. It now has some 2,000 member fighters in 11 weight divisions. The PKA also has two TV contracts, the biggest a two-year pact with ESPN. The 1980 ESPN media stat ratings showed full-contact karate leading all series events, a full point ahead of football, with boxing in third place.

In exchange for licensing the fighters, sanctioning fights and promoting the sport, the PKA negotiates TV contracts and controls the TV rights to all taped fights, which could possibly make this one of the richer mom-and-pop shops in the world. In addition, last spring it began an Associated Schools Program to award the best karate schools the PKA equivalent of the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. The aim: to guide neophytes through the underbrush of karate listings in the Yellow Pages. There's also a new licensing pact with King Features—Judy says that King's first licensee, Wiz Kids, has already sold several thousand dozen T-shirts to large chains, and a general air of impending big-time surrounds the PKA, though the main offices are still over the garage of the Quine

home on a hilltop in Beverly Hills.

Which brings us back to Thurman, who just may turn out to be the sport's Superduperfoot. Right now, it's a matter of keeping him carefully in check. Thurman himself has only one concern: When's my next fight, and does two-thirty this afternoon sound all right? In addition to the coaches he now has, he probably needs another one to hold him down.

"He's always been, well, active like this," says his stepfather, Ken Seibert (Thurman's parents were divorced when he was small). "When Bob was just a little boy, he had a terrible temper; we used to worry about him." And, "It's hard to understand someone like Bob," says John Brown of the Tomahawk Boxing Club, a coach from Thurman's Golden Gloves days. "I mean, this kid was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and yet he's hungrier and works harder at his craft than any ghetto kid you'll ever see."

The Seiberts are a gentle and quietly wealthy family—Ken owns several hotels around the country. Bob still lives in the Seibert ranch-style house on K.C.'s exclusive South Side, with his mother, Shirley; brothers David, 17, and Mike, seven; and sister, Amy, 10. Thurman has taken over a wing of the house, in which he has converted a morning room into a gym, one wall of which is plastered with fight posters and pinups. It was a picture window looking out on the yard until Thurman kicked a sparring partner through it and it was boarded over. The sparring partner wasn't hurt, but, "I was shattered," says Shirley.

One day, no matter how many interrupted quarters it takes, Thurman expects to get his degree, probably in business administration, from the University of Missouri at Kansas City.

With a kid who has had everything, it seems puzzling that Thurman's fighting style doesn't reflect his life-style in some subtle way. Why isn't it more elegant, perhaps, or studied? Full-contact karate is a rare sport



The great—albeit retired—Superfoot demonstrates hook, front, roundhouse and spinning back kicks. The last is the only one Wallace throws with his right.

that permits a man the opportunity to look a bit cool and aloof; it's the upright posture that does it. At times it has an aura of politesse and gentlemanly combat about it, and traditionally, one of respect. Not, however, in Thurman's case. Thurman comes on as if driven by angry demons; he's all offense. Anybody with any right hand at all can get through to him with ease. But hitting him is one thing; taking him out is another. "I know, I know," Thurman says with a shrug. "It's my own fault. I keep dropping my left hand, and, I swear, sometimes I've been hit so hard I thought I was going to die. But all that is changing."

For sure, and with every fight he shows more maturity, more moves and even touches of guile. Says Cannady, "At the start we knew he wasn't coordinated, but we were impressed with his strength and tenacity. And what an appetite to learn!" Says Mackey, "I think I've created a monster."

The monster trains—almost continuously, it seems—at Mackey's modest Bushdoken studio in the K.C. suburb of



Thurman's family (clockwise from upper left): David, Ken, Bob, Amy, Shirley and Mike.





Overland Park. (Bushido means Way of the Warrior and kan means, loosely, school.) "It's a tough discipline," says Mackey, "but Bob puts up with it because it adds to his skills."

Then Cannady takes over. "I want you to throw a punch every time this flash-

light blinks on." Flash, flash, flash. On other days, there's Thurman, standing on a tennis court, with Cannady aiming a ball-firing machine at him. "You ready?" Cannady asks. He fires away, point-blank, with Thurman darting about, trying to dodge the 90-plus mph balls. "It teaches me agility," he says, involuntarily covering his crotch with his hands. At last, instructed to get some sleep, Thurman goes home and into his bedroom, which is just off his gym. "But in the middle of the night we'll hear crashing about," says Shirley, "and it'll be Bob—out of bed and working out."

"It's hard for me not to be an extremist," Thurman says. "I just want to be the best at this. Karate has changed my whole life. I mean, look, I played hockey in school. That didn't do it. I wanted to box all along, but Dad [Ken] wouldn't let me. Then I was roving linebacker in high school, the monsterman on defense. But I hate team sports; you've got to rely too much on somebody else. I tried high school rodeo, bareback and bull riding. When I was finally permitted to box, I went 36 and one as an amateur, including a couple of Golden Glove titles. But now I've found out just what I want to do."

Specifically, right now, this very day,

what Thurman wants to do is dominate two PKA divisions by winning the world middleweight title from Jean-Yves Thériault of Canada. It sounds like a swell plan, except that Thériault is to full-contact karate what Gregory Hines is to tap dancing, and this particular clash had best be put off, and off, and off, until Thurman gets more seasoning.

He's getting that. Thurman represents the spirit of change blowing through the sport, according to Will. As the sport draws tougher, more exciting fighters, many of them display a firm lack of reverence toward the old forms. "The old guard, the martial arts people, might not like this, but the public finds full-contact karate vastly more thrilling," says Will. He figures the new breed comes to karate with what he calls a linebacker mentality. "The linebacker doesn't merely hit you, like everybody else in football. He also inflicts pain, if at all possible."

That may be the new karate, ideal for a non-contemplative sort like Thurman. Standing just outside the health spa on a gray winter day, he gestures at Kansas City sprawled on all sides. "There ain't no seashore here, or no mountains," he says. "Which means there's nothing to do around here but fight."

END



Little Mike, holding big Bob's title belt.



Johnson waxed Kareem on this rebound.

**B**efore the New Jersey Nets beat the Indiana Pacers 120-114 in Indianapolis last week for a club-record 11th straight victory, Len Elmore of the Nets was standing at the edge of the Market Square Arena court, chatting up the Pacers' Billy Knight. A white-haired woman in the first row arose "Billy!" she belted. The two turned. "Is he going to win tonight?" she said, pointing at Elmore.

Elmore and Knight looked at each other and smiled. But the woman, cross now, persisted. "Tell him!" she cried. "He won last night! We gotta take turns on this."

As the Hoosier hardman soon found out, if there's one team you can't negotiate with these days, it's the Nets. Led by a couple of forwards, 30-year-old Wallace

Edgar (Mickey) Johnson and 22-year-old Charles Linwood (Buck) Williams, last week they also knocked off the Los Angeles Lakers 110-96 and rebounded from a 133-108 streak-ending comeuppance in Boston to beat the New York Knicks 100-96 at home.

Johnson and Williams are the NBA's two most common surnames, but little else about the Nets follows form. They sustained their streak with two other top forwards—Albert King and Mike O'Koren—ailing. And despite being one of the league's shortest teams, averaging just a smidgen under 6' 7", they lead the NBA in outrebounding opponents, at week's end, the Nets' margin was more than six a game. Something's in the air in East Rutherford, where the Nets play their home games, besides carcinogens.

How have the Nets survived, and thrived, at less than their fittest? Says Darwin Cook, a starting guard, "Simple. We've been forcing people defensively, and then offensively things just come naturally." Indeed, during the streak they scored only two more points per game than during their first 26 games this season, but their defensive average improved by six points in that time.

And they are at last being appre-

by Alexander Wolff

trade that sent Guard Phil Ford to Milwaukee for the rights to Fred Roberts, an erstwhile BYU star now playing in Italy. Johnson, who's considered a "small" forward although he's 6' 10", got a chance to start when King suffered a knee injury on Jan. 1. For the 21 points and 8.5 assists he averaged in his first four starts, Johnson was named NBA Player of the Week. And in his fifth start, in the win against L.A., Johnson shot 15-for-21 and had seven rebounds and four steals. Even pop music seems to have taken notice: Toni Basil's recent No. 1 hit, Mickey, has been following Johnson around like a tail. The organist at the Meadowlands began playing a quick riff of it after each Johnson bucket. He doesn't particularly like the association. "That song's about a gigolo," he says. "I'm not a gigolo."

But this Mickey has been around. He's a nine-year veteran, from tiny Aurora (Ill.) College, playing with guys who all seem to be recent alumni of the ACC, and he isn't caught up in Coach Larry Brown's rah-rah, underground atmosphere. If the team bus is set to leave at 5:30 p.m., most of the players will show at 5:15. Johnson ambles up at 5:29. But then, his attitude upon coming to the Nets wasn't just cavalier; it was hostile. "He was devastated by the trade, and I could see it in

## A trip with a journeyman

A much-traveled forward helped the New Jersey Nets win 11 straight

ciated. When New Jersey rose to the occasion—it was Mahwah Night—and beat the Lakers last week, the first sellout crowd ever at Byrne Meadowlands Arena bore witness. With Saturday's defeat of their cross-river rivals, the arriviste Nets were 25-14, good for third in the NBA's aristocratic Atlantic Division. Meanwhile, the 13-24 Knicks, who start Edmund Sherod, a guard the Nets let go twice, were last.

It's more than a coincidence that New Jersey has won 21 of 32 since Mickey Johnson joined the team on Nov. 10. Johnson was the late throw-in in the

everything about him," says Brown. "So we had a few heart-to-hearts."

Truth is, Brown hadn't wanted Johnson. "I wanted Roberts and a first-round pick," he says, "and I thought we'd get that. I didn't want an older small forward who might by his presence kill the confidence of O'Koren and Albert. It was [General Manager] Bob MacKinnon's decision."

And Johnson wanted no part of the Nets. "It resembled coming here," he says. "I didn't think it was in my best interests to leave a veteran team, one of the top five, and come to an inexperienced one.



Brown wanted a draft pick, not Johnson.

It [the move] has turned out O.K., but I still don't know. It could happen that I'll be traded tomorrow."

With Kang fit again, Johnson resumed his sixth-man role in the win over the Knicks, but he may have made himself too valuable to let go. He's New Jersey's best player in "the breakdown," that time when the 24-second clock hits a single digit and the options in the Nets' double-post offense have been exhausted. Since trading Ray Williams to Kansas City during the off-season, New Jersey hadn't had anyone who could "do" the breakdown. But against L.A., with the Nets nursing a nine-point lead midway through the fourth quarter, Johnson found himself in the backcourt with the ball as the shot clock hit six. He let go a 27-footer that swished through, crisp and clean and no caffeine. Suddenly the score was 100-88 Jersey, and the Nets were on their way to their second-largest victory margin of the season.

It was the kind of shot Ray Williams would have made last year, when the Nets surprisingly qualified for the playoffs. But with Guard Otis Birdsong, an even more notable shooter than Williams, coming back from a knee injury that kept him out of 47 games last season, Williams became expendable. "A team can't have \$1.4 million invested in two players at the same position," says Brown. "It wouldn't be fair to either of them. And we thought Phil [whom the

Nets received for Williams] and Otis getting back together would take some of the pressure off Otis."

It didn't. Brown wanted Birdsong—then 26, the oldest starter—to be the Nets' leader. He and Ford had been a proven backcourt combination at Kansas City from 1978 to 1981. But Birdsong, a three-time all-star, struggled at the start of the season. Like an elevator, Otis would be up and down, scoring 20 one night and pressing the next. A bout of flu, a series of poor games and then the sudden trade of his close friend—Ford hadn't performed up to expectations, either—left Birdsong disconsolate. Brown even took him out of the starting lineup for a week.

Birdsong reappeared as a starter on Dec. 29 after his replacement, O'Koren, had suffered a broken right wrist, and shot nine-for-14 in a win over Atlanta. Having shuffled five different starting guard combinations, Brown at that point settled on Birdsong and Cook. He uses nine-year veteran Fouts Walker as a group sedative, sending him in when his "young kids"—a favorite Brown tautology—need settling down.

Brown's biggest young kid is Center Darryl Dawkins, the former 76er who seems to have found in New Jersey the college team he never played for. His rebounding (5.2 per game) is slightly off from last season, and he's still foul-prone, causing Elmore and Mike Gminski to log a lot of minutes in relief. But Dawkins is shooting 61.1 and contesting and blocking—2.1 a game—more shots than ever. "Darryl has to be doing something right," says Birdsong. "We won 11 in a row with him. It's like in Philadelphia—people criticized him a lot, but they'd still get to the finals." Adds Buck Williams, "One ingredient we didn't have last year was the 6'11" guy who could block shots and clog the middle. It's freed me up. I'm going outside for the jump shot, and I'm able to put the ball on the floor more."

Even after winning Rookie of the Year honors last June, Williams, a 6'8", 215-pound power forward, felt he should improve his

jump shot and also drive more. He pursued those goals while dominating the Southern California Pro Summer League and then assisted Brown at a teaching clinic in Italy. "I'd show kids fundamentals and it refreshed me," he says. "I probably got more out of it than they did."

So far Williams has been the team's constant. He trimmed his California-shaped sideburns just before the streak began. (Gminski did the opposite, forswearing shaving until the Nets lost.) Only once in 21 games before the loss to the Celtics had Williams failed to attain double figures in points and rebounds. He ranks third in the NBA in field-goal percentage (.610) and second in rebounding (12.9), and is only beginning to explore his enormous talent.

That could be said for the young kids as a group. Admitting that the Nets had played "tight for four quarters" against New York after its embarrassing defeat in Boston, Williams said, "Our problem is learning how to accept winning and losing," by which he meant the Nets had taken both the streak and its inevitable end too seriously. But Williams wasn't about to regrow his burns, and Gminski, clean-shaven in beating the Knicks, once more put away his razor.

ENO



Double D has been making bigger waves on defense than on offense.

## A defense you can't defend

*The struggling Canadiens have brilliant Bob Gainey on D, but that's about it*

by E.M. Swift

**A**s the most casual hockey fan knows, defense is almost a forgotten art in the NHL. Five seasons ago, 6.6 goals were scored per game. This season that figure is 7.7, down slightly from the 8.03 of 1981-82, the highest average since 1943-44. Defensemen are younger and more mobile—but more mistake-prone. Forwards are faster and more skilled at handling the puck—but less deft at checking. Shootouts, once deplored as pond hockey, are now routine. The rare game that ends 2-1 is as often the result of listless play as it is of crisp checking and solid goaltending. "It used to be a disgrace to win 8-7," says Montreal Canadiens Coach Bob Berry. "Not anymore. The thinking has shifted."

On no team is that more apparent than on the Canadiens. During the '70s, when Scotty Bowman was Montreal's coach, the byword was *Allow* the fewest goals in the regular season, and the Stanley Cup will surely follow. That happened seven years in a row, between 1973 and 1979, twice for the Philadelphia Flyers, five times for the Canadiens.

The past two seasons Montreal again had the NHL's stingiest defense but lost in the opening round of the playoffs, to Wayne Gretzky's Edmonton Oilers in 1981 and to the Sastny brothers' offensive-minded Quebec Nordiques in 1982. Those defeats sent the Canadiens reeling philosophically, and last summer Montreal Managing Director Irving Grundman decided that if he couldn't lick the high-scoring teams, he would join them. So Grundman traded Montreal's two best defensive centers, Doug Jarvis and Doug Risebrough, and its two steadiest defensemen, Rod Langway and Brian Engblom, to make room for players who would bolster the Canadiens' attack. The result? For the first time in more than a decade, Montreal cannot be considered a

serious threat to win the Stanley Cup.

Sure, the Canadiens' offense is improved. As of Sunday only prepotent Edmonton had scored more goals. And Montreal's record of 24-13-8 was still impressive, though the Canadiens had won only four of their last 12 games. Still, last season they didn't lose their 13th game until March 18. More important, the Boston Bruins have replaced Montreal atop the Adams Division. Boston, which at week's end had the NHL's best record (28-10-7) primarily because it had given up the fewest goals (124), has beaten the Canadiens in their last three meetings after having gone 0-7-1 against them in 1981-82. In fact, at week's end, the Canadiens' record against five of the league's best teams, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Minnesota and Edmonton (they had yet to play the Islanders), was 5-6-1. Montreal was 13-1-6 against those five in 1981-82.

The Canadiens' power play was the second-poorest in the NHL (16.9%) through Sunday. It had been crippled by the pedestrian play of Guy Lafleur, who

had only 13 goals. Their penalty killing wasn't much better. Perennially among the NHL leaders in that category, Montreal ranked 17th in penalty-killing efficiency (73.8%). The four players Grundman traded were especially vital in man-down situations. Finally, the Canadiens' overall defense has plummeted from first in the league to seventh, and that may be the most troubling statistic of all to Bob Gainey, Montreal's defensive dinosaur.

Gainey, a dinosaur? How else could a left wing who has averaged fewer than 16 goals a season over a nine-year career be described in light of the current Montreal regime? "I've always believed a little more in the value of defense than in offense," says Gainey, "but now the thinking behind the game has changed. The Islanders broke the bond between the best defensive record and the Stanley Cup in 1980, but this is the first year the Canadiens have changed their ways. I don't know if that's smart, or shortsighted."

That's as close as Gainey, the Montreal captain, will come to criticizing the off-season deals that sent his defensive confreres packing. Gainey is 29 now. His once-lightning speed is ever so slightly on the decline, and he has a burgeoning bald spot. But he's still one of the first half



The top defender according to experts, Gainey deplores today's NHL shoot-outs.

doven players that NHL coaches would choose if they could assemble a dream team to win the Cup.

Gahey is a rarity—a defensive specialist who has gotten his due. In 1978, when the NHL instituted an award for the best defensive forward, it seemed as if the league had Gahey in mind. He won the trophy in its first four years. Last season Steve Kasper of Boston finally ended Gahey's reign, but in an SI survey taken earlier this season, NHL coaches and general managers overwhelmingly cited Gahey as the league's best defensive player, regardless of position.

Gahey has focused on defense since his junior hockey days in his hometown of Peterborough, Ont. Roger Neilson, now behind the bench in Vancouver, then coached in Peterborough, where, besides Gahey, he tutored such defensive standouts as Jarvis and Buffalo's Craig Ramsay. "One thing Roger taught me is that hockey is a team game," says Gahey. "It doesn't matter who scores the goals; you play to win. That philosophy tends to bring the higher players down and the lower players up, but we had a lot of success in the two seasons I played for him. When you win a game 3-1 a lot of people can share the responsibility for the victory. If you win 7-5 and the scoring is divided among five or six players, you have 12 or 13 guys wondering what they contributed."

That team concept—Big We, Little Me—seems to be missing from the Canadiens. After a recent loss, Defenseman Robert Picard, who has been among the league's plus-minus leaders this season, was seen going over the plus-minus chart for that night's game to see if he had lost any ground. Assistant Coach Jacques Lefleur later told a Montreal reporter that he couldn't understand how certain players could be so concerned with individual statistics when the team was struggling. Winger Mark Napier has asked to be traded, and veteran Rejean Houle, one of the few remaining Canadian forwards who's skilled defensively, has been relegated to the bench, leading Center Pierre Mondou to remark, "We have two Europeans on this team—Mats Nardund is Swedish, and Reggie Houle is Finnish."

For his part, Gahey feels a little like the bad convertible. After having played seven years on a line with Jarvis, he now skates with fiery Center Keith Acton, Montreal's leading scorer in 1981-82. "Bob's had an adjustment to make this

season," says Berry in quite an understatement. Recently Berry has put Napier, Montreal's third-leading scorer last season, on Gahey's and Acton's right wing. "With Jarvis there were always two of us who concentrated on defense," says Gahey, "so we'd get whoever was playing our right wing to change to our style. Now I have to try to adapt to my linemates' game."

It hasn't been easy. Gahey will never be a goal scorer. His single-season high is 23, and even playing with Acton and Napier, he had had only nine goals in 45 games. "My offensive skills have always been lacking—my shot, the ability to see an offensive play under pressure, good offensive positioning," he says. "The team isn't asking me to score more goals, but you start to ask yourself, 'If Bob Gahey had scored a couple of goals in the playoffs last spring, might we have won?'"

Well, yes. But if the moon were a balloon, where would we find green cheese? Montreal's three postseason losses to Quebec came by scores of 3-2, 2-1 and 3-2. If anyone had scored a couple more goals, the Canadiens might have won. Gahey's game is keeping the other team's big scorers in check.

A defensive forward is typically viewed as someone who plods up and down—mostly down—his wing, getting in the way of wonderfully talented players like Mike Bossy and Marian Stastny. Gahey destroys this misconception. "An offensive player knows where to go to get the puck to score," he says, "but I know where to go when we don't have the puck to get it back. The Czechs do that well; they chase you all over the ice. You want to avoid passive hockey—simply waiting for the other team to give you the puck back."

Gahey, who's 6' 2", 190 pounds, doesn't just skate up and down the ice; he seems to swoop, his long strides and long reach allowing him to cover not only his man but often another as well. On defense, says Gahey, you shouldn't strive for a three-on-three situation, but a 3½-on-three. "You're never really safe unless you outnumber the opponents around the puck," he says. In his own zone Gahey is always moving, covering a large triangle that extends from the left



Lefleur's play is another Montreal shortcoming.

point to the slot to the left boards. "We used to play more of a zone defense than we do this year," he says. "A zone requires more experienced players, but it's a better system if you can work it. As a player's glued to his man, he doesn't take much responsibility for the puck, and the puck is really what we want."

In a 3-1 loss to the Nordiques on Jan. 4, Gahey was on the bench when a play that capitalizes Montreal's season occurred. It cost the Canadiens the game. The score was tied 1-1 in the third period, and Montreal had the puck in the neutral zone. As Berry watched in disbelief, the Canadiens began to retreat. Deeper and deeper they fell back, until, finally, the Quebec forecheckers had chased the Canadiens puckhandlers behind their own net. "If the rink hadn't ended there, we might have been back at the Chateau Frontenac," said Berry afterward. A Canadiens defenseman eventually coughed up the puck, and the Nordiques scored the winning goal—on a play that started at the red line with Montreal in possession.

Sound defensive hockey, once a trademark of the Canadiens, is all too often being ignored this season. It will cost them this spring. "It's tough to score five goals a game every night," says Gahey. "The pendulum has swung the other way for a while, but I've got to believe that it's going to swing back before long."

But probably not soon enough for this Montreal team.

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## **USA-1 IS TAKING CHARGE**

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by Roger Jackson  
and Craig Neff

**A**rkanas backcourt partners Darrell (Sky) Walker and Alvin (Dog) Robertson are known to Razorback fans as the Smothers Brothers, a moniker that has nothing to do with comedy routines. Walker, a 6' 4" senior, and Robertson, a 6' 3" junior, share the nickname because of the suffocating—or smothering—defense they play.

And because their defensive skills are matched by a flashy offensive repertoire, they form about the best guard combo in college. At week's end, Walker and Robertson had led the Razorbacks to a surprising 13-0 record and a No. 18 ranking in the SI Top 20. "Teams may have one guard who's better than one of them, but I don't think anyone has a pair that can equal these two," says Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton, who knows a thing or two about backcourt players, having coached such luminaries as U.S. Reed, Ron Brewer and Sidney Moncrief.



The Hogs' Walker, a tough stalker on D, is also the Southwest Conference's top scorer.

## Brother, can they smother

*A dynamic defensive duo at guard has paced Arkansas to a 13-0 record*

Certainly no other pair of guards is as important to its team. Following last week's road victories, 66-64 over Texas A&M and 63-56 over SMU, Walker and Robertson had scored 40.4% of Arkansas' points, made 60.0% of its steals, dished out 48.4% of its assists and hauled in 30.4% of its rebounds. Walker led the Southwest Conference in scoring with a 17.8 average, while Robertson was averaging 13.4. But defense is where they've made their name; between them, they had 75 steals in 13 games.

Though Robertson was averaging 3.1 thefts to Walker's 2.9, Walker is the one the opposition finds more infuriating. He has a way of grinning at an opponent and then laughing out loud when he swipes the ball. Last year, after Walker had strung San Diego State's Keith Smith on successive possessions, poor Smith tackled him in frustration. With Robert-

son starting this season, the Arkansas defense is double trouble. "Other guards can never rest," says Robertson. "They know that Darrell and I will be coming at them all night. We can read each other so well that I know when Darrell is going to guard his man straight up and when he's going to turn him toward me."

If Robertson speaks passionately about defense, it's mainly because Sutton has long had a passion for ball-hawking guards. While his coaching rivals search for frontline bangers, Sutton generally prefers players with wings on their feet and glue on their fingers. "You can win with mediocre forwards at the college level," Sutton says, "so my first priority is big-time guards. If you can match them with a big-time center, you can be a national contender."

Sutton had no idea he'd have a national contender this season. Walker was the

only full-time starter back from a 23-6 team that had won the conference championship for the fifth time (including two ties) in Sutton's eight seasons. "This is the youngest team I've had since I came to Arkansas," he says. "We've worked harder with this team than any other club I've had." As further preparation for a good season, Sutton scheduled a preconference diet of Hog slop—e.g., both Southwest and Southeast Missouri—to give the Razorbacks a chance to fatten up their record. At the beginning, though, not even Sutton was hog-wild over what he saw. After a lackluster 74-57 defeat of Southeast Missouri, he said, "I'm not sure our fans ought to watch us until December is over." Now, the Razorbacks can hardly be ignored.

Another key to their development has been 6' 11" Center Joe Kleine, a sophomore transfer from Notre Dame. A 255-pound bruiser out of Slater, Mo., Kleine was the Hogs' No. 1 recruiting choice three seasons ago, but because he's Catholic he chose to go to South Bend. After one season, however, he opted to transfer to Arkansas, because he didn't feel that



the Notre Dame offense was giving him the ball enough. Last week he had two of his finest games, scoring a career-high 19 points and grabbing seven rebounds against A&M and then getting 16 points and 13 boards against SMU. "We've never had a player with his talent and size," says Sutton, who notes that Kleine's predecessor, the talented Scott Hastings, was a natural forward forced to play out of position.

Because of their inside-outside balance, the Hogs may be more versatile than ever. "If we have to run, we have the speed," says Sutton. "If we face a big team, we can put big men in there. Of course, we didn't think there was any way we'd be undefeated at this point. And I still can't tell how good we are. We'll play great for seven or eight minutes, then go from the mountaintop to the valley and really sink it up for three or four minutes. But I believe we'll be very good before the end of the season."

Sutton has two particular areas of concern: free-throw shooting (Arkansas' .599 team percentage through last week was just .058 better than its field goal percentage) and turnovers. Despite forcing an average of 20 turnovers a game, Arkansas was committing 18 of its own. And the Razorbacks haven't exactly blown away their undistinguished opposition, winning six of their last seven games by an average of 4.3 points. Indeed, it took two clutch free throws by freshman Willie Cutts—a woeful 53.9% free-throw shooter at game time—to secure the victory against A&M. Sutton's decision to spend 20% of the team's practice time at the foul line finally may be paying off.

The Razorbacks must have their total game in gear if they are to pass their most serious test of the season this week at Houston. The Cougars' frontcourt dominance will put an added burden on Robertson and Walker.

Although Walker today is a model citizen—when he speaks to Sutton's wife, Patsy, on the telephone, he calls himself "your adopted son, Sky Walker"—when he came to Fayetteville in 1980 he was indolent, moody and undisciplined. "He was a wild colt," says Sutton. "When we were on the floor, we'd have four players playing our game and Darrell playing his. He'd pout if things didn't go his way. Now he's smiling on the court all the time, handing the ball back to the officials. Two years ago he'd have thrown it

at them." Worse, Walker skipped classes and missed team meetings and practices. Finally, in February 1981, Sutton suspended him, because, Sutton says, "He had to understand that the program is bigger than Darrell Walker."

Meanwhile, rumors around Fayetteville exceeded Walker's actual transgressions; he was accused of drug abuse, drinking and womanizing. He was frequently and unfavorably compared to Moncrief, easily the state's most beloved athlete, who's now starring for the Milwaukee Bucks. "It was a lot to handle," Walker says.

These days it's all opponents can do to handle Walker. With a little push from Moncrief, who told him he could be a first-round NBA draft choice if he cleaned up his act, Walker is taking the opposition to the cleaners. His defense is better than ever, and his jump shot, though stiff and labored, is nonetheless falling more frequently. On Dec. 15 he scored a career-high 35 points in a 108-65 win over Alabama State. Last week he was held to just 10 points in the Hogs' defeat of the Aggies but came back two nights later to score 17 points, 13 in the second half, and make two key steals against the Mustangs.

He has also served as counselor for other troubled Razorbacks; three of his teammates have been suspended for at least one game for roughly the same reasons Walker was. One of them was Robertson, whose background is similar to Walker's in some other respects.

Both were Midwestern high school stars (Walker in Chicago, Robertson in Barberton, Ohio) who, because of bad grades, had to attend one year of junior college (Westark in Fort Smith, Ark., Crowder College in Neosho, Mo., respectively) before they could enroll at Arkansas. Though Walker started as a sophomore, Robertson didn't do so until the last three games of the 1981-82 regular season. He then won the MVP award of the Southwest Conference tournament, proving once again that every Dog has his day.

Walker got his nickname because of his 38-inch vertical leap. Robertson, who can go just as high, got his nickname from his brothers at Omega Psi Phi, who are themselves known as the Q-Dogs on the Fayetteville campus. "In a game, I'll tell him, 'Let's go Doggie, let's get after 'em,'" Walker says. And, doggone, if it doesn't work.

## THE WEEK

(Jan. 10-16)

by HERM WEISKOPF

**MIDEAST** Will Alabama's Tide roll out to sea? Are Kentucky's early season Wildcats merely a bunch of Mideasts? Should Tennessee's Volunteers enlist in the Salvation Army? All three had been stunned the week before, Bama twice. Surely they would rise up last week. They didn't. Kentucky and Tennessee were again upset by SEC opponents, and Alabama lost two more games.

Vanderbilt was the first to leave the Tide fit to be tied, winning 81-79 at Tuscaloosa after building a 23-point lead. Phil Cox led the Commodores with 24 points. At Georgia, the Crimson Tide climbed out of a 56-49 hole, knotted the score at 62-62 but fell 67-64. The Bulldogs' Donald Hartry, a freshman guard, played 23 minutes in place of injured starter Gerald Crosby and sank seven of nine shots, the last a 20-footer with 12 seconds left.

Kentucky nearly lost twice, too. But Mississippi State, which led 47-45 with five seconds to go, threw an errant rebound pass that wound up in the hands of the 'Cais' Charles Hurt, who scored at the buzzer. In overtime, Kentucky popped in 10 foul shots and won 59-53. Then the Wildcats returned to Lexington and lost their first home game ever to Auburn, 75-67. The Tigers, who were 0 for 16 in Kentucky, led in rebounding 37-26, held Center Mel Turpin of Kentucky to three points and three rebounds and got 22 points from Bobby Lockhart and 20 from freshman Richard Person. The Tigers (3-1) thus took sole possession of the SEC lead.

Tennessee also had to struggle to avoid being a two-time loser. The Vols, who squandered a 35-28 halftime advantage at LSU, won 59-58 as Dale Ellis came through with a four-point play with 2:23 remaining—a layup plus two free throws after being intentionally fouled. Like Kentucky, Tennessee was then upset at home, 75-74 by Mississippi State. The Bulldogs' Jeff Malone got nine of his 35 points in OT.

As usual, Indiana had trouble at Purdue, blowing most of a 20-point lead and failing to get a field goal during the last 6:22. But the Hoosiers, who had lost their last six games at Mackey Arena, held on to win 81-78 behind 23 points apiece from Ted Kitchel and Randy Wittman. Indiana sank 14 of 16 foul shots during the closing 6:22, led by Kitchel and Wittman. These two also led the Hoosiers to another Big Ten victory, 69-55 at Illinois, as Wittman scored 27 points and Kitchel 20.

Michigan put the clamps on Minnesota's "J" J. Randy Breuer in the second half, holding him to one rebound and keeping him scoreless for the final 8½ minutes. That en-

continued

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**Salem  
Spirit**

A photograph of four young people (three men and one woman) laughing and playing in the snow. They are wearing winter hats and jackets. The woman on the left is wearing a pink hat and a blue jacket. The man next to her is wearing a white hat and a dark jacket. The man next to him is wearing a dark jacket and has his mouth wide open in a laugh. The man on the far right is wearing a yellow shirt and is also laughing. They are all looking towards the camera.

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abled the Wolverines to come from nine points back for a 63-58 home-court win. Next time out, at Michigan State, Breuer had 26 points as the Gophers (3-1) took over first place in the conference with a 69-67 victory. The decisive points, however, came from Guard Barry Wohler, a 21.4% field-goal shooter who came up with a loose ball and popped in a shot from the top of the key three seconds before time ran out.

Seven points in a row by Greg Stokes early in the second half helped Iowa cool off Northwestern, which was 11-1. After that 66-57 triumph, the Hawkeyes went home and beat Iowa State 73-56 in a non-conference game in which Stokes had 21 points.

**WEST** UCLA started the week on the road by laboring to an 87-86 victory over Arizona State and ended it at home by belaboring Oregon 97-69 and Oregon State 99-77. It was Rod Foster's 23-foot jumper with 15 seconds left, the last of his 30 points, that gave the Bruins the first of their three Pac-10 wins last week. In all, Foster had 62 points and Kenny Fields 59.

UNLV remained on a roll, defeating Pacific 86-63 and Fresno State 56-48 to take charge in the PCAA. Those 56 points were the most this season against the Bulldogs, who have led the nation in scoring defense three of the past five years and are again first. Leading the way for the Rebels were Sidney Green, who had 39 points and 21 rebounds in the wins, and Danny Tarkenton, who dealt out 21 assists.

Utah State continued its remarkable turnaround. The Aggies, 4-23 last season, improved their record to 13-2 by winning two PCAA games, 84-73 over Cal-Santa Barbara and 91-75 over Pacific.

**MIDWEST** Looking every bit the unbeaten No. 1 team, Memphis State was leading Virginia Tech 15-8 less than six minutes into the game. Tiger star Keith Lee already had four rebounds, three blocks and three points. But then Lee drew his third foul—and a seat on the bench for the rest of the half. The Hoosiers, with reserve Reggie Stiepe scoring 21 points, took a 33-28 halftime lead and went on to win this Metro Conference game 69-56. Five days later the Tigers bounced back to win 80-63 at Cincinnati, and Virginia Tech held off Florida State 70-69.

DePaul, hoping to regain some prestige, led 34-33 at the intermission in Louisville. But the Cardinals scored the first eight points of the second half, bottled up the Blue Demons with a zone and prevailed 63-58. With Xavier McDowell getting 22 rebounds and 19 points and Antoine Carr scoring 24 points, Wichita State beat Tulsa 92-74. The Shockers won two other games at home, 72-48 over Colorado State and 69-59 over Deake.

Late spurts helped Illinois State win two

## SI TOP 20

1. UCLA (11-1)	2 *
2. INDIANA (12-1)	5
3. UNLV (14-0)	6
4. MEMPHIS STATE (12-1)	1
5. ST. JOHN'S (14-1)	4
6. N. CAROLINA (12-3)	10
7. LOUISVILLE (13-2)	9
8. VIRGINIA (12-2)	3
9. IOWA (11-2)	12
10. MISSOURI (12-2)	14
11. OKLAHOMA ST. (12-1)	16
12. ILLINOIS STATE (12-1)	18
13. WICHITA STATE (12-1)	19
14. AUBURN (10-3)	8
15. KENTUCKY (11-3)	—
16. VIRGINIA TECH (14-1)	—
17. HOUSTON (13-2)	—
18. ARKANSAS (13-0)	—
19. TENNESSEE (10-3)	11
20. VILLANOVA (10-2)	20

\* Last week

Missouri Valley Conference home games. The Redbirds blew all but two points of a 17-point margin over Bradley before winning 77-69 behind Rick Lamb's 23 points. Then Illinois State needed 22 points by Dwayne Tyus and a late rally to beat Indiana State 96-82.

Missouri and Oklahoma State prepared for the start of Big Eight play with two wins each. Jon Sundvold sank 15 of 21 field-goal attempts and scored 40 points as the Tigers beat Northern Iowa 91-62 and Dayton 78-64. Oklahoma State got 25 points from Leroy Combs while drubbing Oral Roberts 82-62. Centenary and the Cowboys swapped the lead 17 times before State broke away and won 78-65 behind Matt Clark's 23 points.

Houston won two squeakers and a Now-out. After holding off Southwestern Louisiana 79-78, the Cougars used four free throws in the last 37 seconds to triumph 54-51 at TCU. Then, with Clyde Drexler scoring 24 points, Houston won 77-52 at Texas.

**EAST** In a league of luminaries, the Big East's Boston College has been largely ignored this season. No more. Last Saturday Michael Adams led the Eagles to a 68-64 home-court upset of previously unbeaten St. John's. Adams, a 5'10" sophomore guard, had 27 points, eight steals and five assists as BC thwarted the Redmen's cry for a school-record 15th consecutive victory. Earlier, St. John's had equaled the old mark, set in 1910-11, with an 85-73 win at Connecticut as David Russell had 29 points and 11 rebounds.

Another young guard named Michael, 6'1" freshman Michael Jackson, enabled visiting Georgetown to jolt Syracuse 97-92. A crowd of 31,127, the largest ever for an on-

campus game, saw the Orangemen fall 21 points behind early in the second half and then scramble ahead 92-91 with 1:28 left. Jackson, however, put the Hoyas on top to stay with a 22-foot shot that gave him the last two of his 31 points.

Villanova also won a pair of Big East games, breezing to a 66-48 triumph at Pittsburgh and salvaging a 70-61 defeat of Providence. The Wildcats blew a 17-point second-half lead over the Friars before settling down. During the final minute, Villanova got four free throws and a 20-foot swisher from Stewart Granger.

Virginia staged sparkling comebacks in both its games. The first started with North Carolina State leading 50-34 late in the first half and ended with the Cavaliers winning 88-80. The resurgence was ignited by Ralph Sampson, who had 11 rebounds and scored 19 of his 33 points in the second half. Derek Whittenburg had put the Wolfpack ahead with 27 points before the intermission. But early in the second half Whittenburg put up a jump shot, came down on an opponent's foot and broke his own right foot. Whittenburg, who had made seven of 11 of the ACC's 19-foot three-point shots against the Wolves, will be out for the rest of the season.

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**ANTOINE CARR:** Three weeks after returning to action after suffering a stress fracture of his right shinbone, the 6'9" senior paced Wichita State to three wins, with 68 points, 25 rebounds and 10 blocks.

Three days later, Virginia trailed North Carolina 85-62 with 9:41 left and cut the deficit to 97-95 with 50 seconds remaining. But the Tar Heels prevailed 101-95 as Jimmy Braddock and Michael Jordan each sank two free throws. Sam Perkins played his finest game ever, popping in four three-pointers, scoring 36 points and getting 10 rebounds.

North Carolina had a closer call at home against Maryland, which made only six turnovers and got 20 points and 12 rebounds from Ben Coleman. Braddock climaxed the Tar Heels' rally from a 52-45 deficit to a 72-71 win with a three-pointer nine seconds before the buzzer. North Carolina State beat Georgetown 81-61 as Ernie Myers, taking over at guard for Whittenburg, set a freshman record of 27 points for the Wolfpack.

Before facing Duke, Louisville players heard a Durham, N.C. sportscaster remark that the Cardinals, once known as the Doctors of Dunk, now might better be described as the Lords of Layup. "We decided to do something about getting our image back," said Milt Wagner, Louisville's 6'5" guard. Wagner then jammed a two-handed reverse dunk, his teammates added four more slams, and the Cardinals won 91-76.

END

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A funny thing happened the other day on the way to yet another rerun of full-contact karate on ESPN. The 24-hour, all-sports cable network, which has been losing money by the bushel, delivered a chop to the soft underbelly of its early-morning programming. Beginning March 1, ESPN will air financial news from six to eight each weekday morning. Seems that 24-hour TV sports is an idea whose time has come and gone. Goodbye 7 a.m. repeats of pro rodeo from Mesquite. Hello U.S. traders on the Zurich gold exchange.

The program, which will be called *Business Times*, will be a fast-paced briefing session for America's white-collar folks. One subject the show might consider exploring is the future of ESPN. From its inception in 1979, the network trumpeted itself as television's only all-sports channel. NBA basketball, water polo, Australian-rules football, it didn't matter—there would be nothing but sports from dawn till daybreak. The problem, ESPN now admits, is that sometimes nobody watched.

ESPN, which can be seen in 23.3 million households, or in 28% of the nation's homes that have television, became eligible for Nielsen ratings last October. Says Dana Redman, the network's chief of research, "Nielsen won't give us a rating for any period in which we get less than half a rating point. The period shows up as an asterisk in the rating book. Most days between six and eight in the morning, we get asterisks (in prime time, ESPN's average rating is about 2.0, not bad for a cable outfit). There isn't much of a market on Madison Avenue for asterisks. Thus the move to the independently produced *Business Times*, which, according to ESPN's research, will appeal to a large segment of the network's upscale, male audience.

Advertisers agree that the change in format at ESPN is a prudent one. But, in fact, the move amounts to putting a Band-Aid over a gunshot wound. Getty Oil, which owns 85% of ESPN, pumped in a reported \$10 million to start it. The network's president, Bill Grimes, has admitted that ESPN had a \$20 million deficit in 1982, and a reliable source says it lost \$30 million in both 1980 and '81. Total bill: at least \$80 million, not counting

the original outlay from Sugar Daddy.

Why such losses? For one thing, ESPN unexpectedly found itself fighting for sports broadcast rights with such other basic cable services as WTBS, the USA Network, even the Christian Broadcasting Network. Outsiders have crashed ESPN's party, and there's only so much cake to go around. A grievous blow for the network came in January 1982, when WTBS outbid it (\$17 million to \$7 million) for prime-time college football. Last April, USA got the NHL

by William Taaffe

the advertising revenues keep flagging."

Simmons thinks that ESPN ought to become a pay-cable network like HBO or Showtime. Indeed, ABC holds an option to form a pay-per-view cable channel with ESPN that would broadcast at least one major event per month. Says Grimes, "I think there are enough rabid sports fans out there and that a certain percentage of them would pay five dollars

## Getting down to business

Beleaguered ESPN will try to cut its losses with a financial news show

for \$8 million after ESPN tendered \$6.5 million. Also, last year ESPN's advertising revenues lagged 30% behind projections, while its rights costs were more than twice as much as they were in 1981.

Grimes, who plans to cut losses by charging ESPN's 5,000 cable affiliates more for programming, maintains that his network has no plans to carry additional non-sports shows. "If the advertisers come to ESPN the way we still believe they will, then we won't have to diversify anymore," he says. Stuart Evey, head of Getty's non-petroleum industries, says ESPN will be profitable by mid-1985 and professes to be "very positive" about its future.

Others aren't. "I just see the *Business Times* move being the forerunner of changing the entire operation," says former ESPN President Chet Simmons, now the commissioner of the U.S. Football League. "If they do it for two hours in the morning, then they'll do it for two more hours or four more hours in the afternoon. It really comes down to the question of just how long Getty will be willing to keep on sucking it up if



Grimes doesn't plan any further straying from sports.

a month or whatever to have ESPN."

The plight of ESPN is enough to lend a touch of irony to one of its promotional spots. A tired businessman, after being "blind-sided, elbowed under the boards, checked and hit after the bell" at the office, comes home, collapses in a chair and tunes in ESPN "where the cheering never stops." The ad is still running, only now everyone at the network is holding his breath.

ENR

The background of the page is a painting of a winter forest. It features numerous tall, slender, vertical tree trunks, some of which are dark and textured, while others are lighter. The ground and the branches are covered in a thick layer of white snow. In the lower right portion of the painting, a small, dark silhouette of a person or animal is visible, standing amidst the trees. The overall style is impressionistic and atmospheric.

# **On The Track Of The 'Cat**

W. H. L. 1911





*In the snowy stillness of winter in the immense Maine woods, Oscar Cronk and his hound Emerson pursue a quarry as elusive as a ghost* by **Sam Moses**

CONTINUED



continued

junkyard car. In the old place, on cold mornings, the crackerycrack of Cronk's drinking water freezing in its bucket would assure him of where he was.

Eight months of the year Oscar and Edie operate their store, Cronk's Outdoor Supplies, in Wiscasset, but for the other four Cronk runs his Allagash trapline—for muskrat, mink, fox, marten and coyote in fall, beaver in winter. His territory lies in the 1.25 million acres owned by the International Paper Co. Cronk pays an annual fee for his campsite. He is permitted to trap there, drive on the IP roads and cut as many dead and fallen trees as he needs for heat. Says Cronk, "I don't believe you could come into a bigger piece of wilderness than the Allagash here. It's just hundreds of square miles of nothing but woods."

The woods are mostly spruce fir, beech and cedar, and at their thickest, Cronk calls them "black groves." The local game warden calls the area "Mother Nature's vengeance." On a clear winter

night it can drop to 40° below, and the black groves creak. The wind spins the snow into devils that whirl across clearings, and branches cry out in the dark with sharp cracks. No one stirs but the owls. "She's a cold, cold country," Cronk is fond of saying.

He is a sturdy and handsome man, six feet and 195 pounds, with broad shoulders and powerful legs from winters of chopping wood and snowshoeing. "I don't want to sound like I'm bragging, but I could still snowshoe with the 25-year-old Oscar Cronk," he says. His face is weathered and creased at the temples, but the impression it gives is of good health, not erosion. His nose is shaped like the beak of an owl. Sometimes he wears a beard and looks almost professorial, but when his face is clean-shaven, the chiseled features are striking and Indian-like. In fact, one of Cronk's great-grandmothers was a full-blooded Indian—Penobscot, he believes. When he snowshoes hard, his cantilevered eyebrows catch the sweat from his brow like awnings, and the droplets form ice balls that dangle before his eyes like the long icicles hanging from the eaves of his camp.

**F**or 38 of his 52 years, Oscar Cronk Jr., Maine wilderness trapper, has been spending most of fall and winter in the woods. Since 1968 he has been going to his camp in the vast wilderness waterway called the Allagash. Late every October he kisses his wife, Edie, goodbye, throws his hound, Emerson, in the back of his Chevy pickup and drives 250 miles from his home in Wiscasset on the coast to the camp in northwest Aroostook County. The route takes him into Quebec, past desolate, windswept farms sculpted by snowdrifts. The truck leaps over frost-heave ripples on the road much of the way, and Emerson, from his dog box, yelps like a child on a roller coaster. They rejoin Maine at the remote customs station of Dasquum and drive the final 18 miles over a frozen logging road that leads to the camp just across the St. John River.

Cronk's cabin lies in a pocket of spruce trees 100 yards off the road. It measures 16' x 30' and has two rooms and is insulated. There are two easy chairs and a fine porcelain stove with propane burners as well as a hearth for wood. From inside the cabin the sun can be seen setting among the spruces through a window with a bear paw print on one of its frosted panes. The camp even has the luxury of an outhouse. Cronk calls the camp his mansion, and it is, compared with the old camp, which had a wood stove made from parts of a



Cronk's camp is stocked to sustain man and dog for four months of constant hunting and trapping.

Beaver trapping isn't an everyday winter pursuit at the camp. There are slack days because of weather or other jobs to be done or the beavers' disinclination to be trapped. On such days Cronk often goes bobcat hunting, which is where Emerson comes in. Emerson is a 'cat dog. Says Oscar, "If you want to go bobcat hunting, the first thing you need is a dog that hates cats."

They call the bobcat the "woods ghost." Men have spent their lives in the woods and have never seen one. Cronk himself will never know how many times he has snowshoed past a bobcat watching from a black grove. They are also called wildcats. They hunt both night and day but do most of their napping at midday, returning to one of their dens—more like favorite sleeping spots than any sort of formal home—if they can.

The bobcat, *Lynx rufus*, generally weighs between 15 and 30 pounds, though it can be as heavy as 50. Bobcats got their name from their bobbed tails and/or bobbing running style. They have a low profile and light step, on big paws that float on the snow. They prey on any-



Emerson's blue "warch eye" made him the pick of the litter to Cronk.

thing from mice to deer. A 'cat will pounce on a deer's neck and wrestle it to the ground for the kill, evoking the image of a wild ride through the woods and ghostly screeching from the black groves in the dead of night. Bobcat fur is brownish, spotted and tufted and periodically in demand by man, the adult 'cat's only predator. Bobcats are trapped and hunt-

ed for their pelts, which are used for coats.

The rattle of the old alarm clock in the dark chill of the camp wakes Oscar. He throws off his blankets and goes into the kitchen in his long underwear, his slippered feet padding on the cold plywood floor. He lights a gas lantern and restokes the stove to heat a heavy iron teapot. He scrapes some ice from the window with a fingernail, shines a flashlight out into the night and reads —19° on the thermom-

eter mounted outside on a tree. Then he goes back into the bedroom and shadowboxes to loosen up, dancing in his long johns and flicking jabs at the broad shadow thrown against the wall by the lantern light.

He makes himself a breakfast of grapefruit, bacon and eggs, baked beans, home fries, toast with jam and coffee. By the time the dishes are done Emerson has come out of his doghouse and is waiting hoarsely, his chain clanking on the frozen snow as he eagerly paces back and forth, sensing this will be his day out.

Cronk usually begins a day of bobcat hunting by cruising the logging road in his truck, his 12-gauge shotgun on the floor beside him, looking for the tracks of a 'cat that may have crossed the road during the night; if he doesn't find any he will continue the search in the woods on snowshoes, leading Emerson. Cronk drives along the road at 15 mph, peering at the sunny side, Emerson sits up next to him, sniffing at the window as if he could pull the scent of the hated 'cats right through the glass.

Evenings after beaver trapping, Cronk takes Emerson for road work to keep him in shape for chasing 'cats. He drives a few miles up the road and releases Emerson to run behind the truck back to camp, a workout Emerson handles with the ease of youth. Half bluetick, half treeing Walker and now 4½ years old and weighing 50 pounds, he was the pick of his litter, in Cronk's eyes.

continued





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"I watched all the puppies and then I came back to Emerson," he says. "The thing I noticed about him was that he would do what he wanted to do. He walked around and he was very aggressive, always using his nose, always smelling something. He had a salt-and-pepper coat I liked. He had these funny webbed feet; they were kind of freakish, but I knew they'd be great in the snow. I said, 'Boy, it looks like that might be a pretty good 'cat dog' there.' But I finally chose him because of his eye. The left one was brown but the right was milky blue, what I call a 'watch eye.' That's supposed to be a good sign. I remembered that and I said, 'Maybe there's something extra in that pup. We'll see.' I knew one thing: With that eye he looked some funny."

Emerson is just beginning his bobcat-hunting career. This season, the winter of 1980-81, is his first as starting 'cat dog. Cronk's best hound had been Hollis, who treed 15 'cats in his eight years. But Hollis died of gastric torsion—a twisted stomach—and Emerson became top dog. Though he was a rookie, he was not 'cat-less, having treed one in each of the previous two seasons during his apprenticeship under Hollis.

"They're hard to come by, 'cat dogs,'" says Cronk. "I'll bet I've had, all told, at least 25 dogs, and I honestly could only count half a dozen that could track 'cats. They say that you only have one really good 'cat dog in a lifetime, but I don't believe that. I've already had Hollis, and before him Riley, and I think Emerson will make me a third."

Oscar and Emerson find no 'cat tracks along the road this morning. Cronk stops the truck a number of times to examine the snow. Once he stays in the truck and sends Emerson out to check a track; the dog returns, uninterested in the scent—probably rabbit. Another time he stuffs his muzzle in a print, sniffs and snorts a while, emerging with the hair

around his nose covered with powdered snow, like a sugar doughnut, and gives an unsure bark, his "watch eye" on Cronk to see if he has gotten it right. Cronk bends over the print, his bare hands in the snow as he lowers his nose nearly as deep as Emerson had. He comes up shaking his finger at the hound. "That's trash," he says to the dog. "It's a fox track. Things like that, foxes and coyote, we don't want. We got to be specialists." Emerson trots back to the truck, satisfied he has shown Oscar he is on the job. "Emerson's a sensitive dog," says Oscar. "He only needs scolding, not striking."

That afternoon they trek into the woods. There are coyote tracks galore, so they know that the snow, although deep, can support a bobcat. The sun shining through the trees paints zebra stripes on the path. The temperature is still well below zero. Cronk chuffs along in the powder, his plaid woods jacket open and flannel shirt unbuttoned at the chest, exposing his long johns. As he works up a sweat, ice balls gather on his eyebrows.

Cronk sinks to his shins with each step, the snow on his snowshoes feeling

like ankle weights as he walks. The cold dulls Emerson's nose and hurts his feet; following in Oscar's path, he hops as if he has been given a hoofbeat. And Cronk begins to think the 'cats are holed up anyhow—at least for another day. They normally start moving the second day after a storm, which this day is, but the snow hasn't fully settled yet; if a 'cat traveled now, he too would sink into the snow in some places. His chest would ball up with the snow and he would get wet—distasteful business to a 'cat. Cronk is aware of all this, of course, but he is satisfied to be "cutting the country"—breaking a trail for the next day. He looks at this day as reconnaissance—just a little exercise. He hopes the sun will settle the snow and the 'cats will come out that night, making tomorrow a better day.

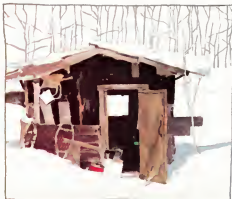
As the afternoon wanes, the air grows crisper. They have been in the woods four hours, outdoors for eight. The sky is pinkish in the west and cloudless blue in the east, where it holds a pale moon high. It's nearly sunset when they arrive back at the truck.

Though they haven't found a track, it has been a good day's work, and Emerson gets his reward as they drive back to camp. "Good doggy," says Cronk, watching Emerson gulp down a Mystic Mint wafer. Emerson sniffs in Oscar's

pocket for more cookies, then licks the snow off his master's wool pants and curls up next to him. He plops his chin on Oscar's thigh, and with a contented sigh his eyelids droop over his fanny-looking eyes.

There are chores to be done before dinner. First start the fire. Then hike a quarter mile to the underground brook for water. Then feed Emerson. Cronk scoops raw beaver meat from a big plastic jar and mixes it with dry dog food. "Good rich protein," he says. "If the little fella gets to runnin' a 'cat tomorrow, he's gonna need somethin' under his collar." After he eats, Emerson dozes

continued



Except as a storage room for lumber and firewood, the old camp has been abandoned.

# SCOTT GRAYSON DOCTOR BY DAY JEDI MASTER BY NIGHT



After treating patients all day, Dr. Grayson puts down his stethoscope, picks up his LIGHTSABER and prepares to do battle with anyone who's up to the challenge. With the STAR WARS® JEDI ARENA™ home video game from Parker Brothers

Doc Grayson wasn't born with a LIGHTSABER in his hand. But the way he controls the SEEKER to penetrate his opponent's defenses, you'd think he was. All it takes is concentration, steady nerves and lots of practice. Maybe some day you'll be good enough to be called a JEDI MASTER too.

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**PARKER BROTHERS**  
VIDEO GAME CARTRIDGES  
**The Ones To Beat**

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on the soft recliner by the stove as Oscar prepares his own dinner: pork chops, boiled potatoes, canned corn, biscuits, brownies and a big dill pickle, which he munches along with the meal as if it were a bread stick.

Cronk believes he would have enjoyed trapping more in the '30s. He prefers the old ways, and his style is only lightly touched by technology. In his overnight survival pack he carries matches, not a lighter, and surplus C rations. He had a pair of state-of-the-art long underwear once, but says they made his back ache. His snowmobile is 15 years old and looks it. He got 125,000 hard miles out of his last pickup before the frame finally sagged, but even the new Chevy is a two-wheel-drive, because it's simpler than a four-wheel-drive.



continued

Cronk doesn't even own a decent radio. His is an ancient transistor with baling wire for an antenna. It receives just one, sometimes two, stations and only at night, and they're both French-language stations. Next to no outside contact means no weather forecasts, but that doesn't bother Cronk. His attitude toward nature is one held by the best outdoorsmen: whether it is respectful or wise or merely fatalistic or even shortsighted, it is, simply, *sublime*. When the weather changes, you change.

Every week Cronk drives 30 miles into St. Camille in Quebec for gas and supplies and a phone call to Edie, but otherwise his only information from the "real" world comes from a stack of old tabloids of the kind found in supermarkets. In the winter, Cronk knows only two worlds: the wilderness and the one about to be attacked by UFOs. He doesn't need more company than Emerson. He had a partner at the old camp, but he doesn't really miss him. And there's no economic necessity for him to spend every winter at camp. The price for heavier pelts dropped drastically two winters ago; Cronk could have stayed in Wiscasset, but he needs winters at the camp for his soul.

Cronk is an outdoorsman of considerable repute in the state, known through his store and the writings of a regular column called "Maine Trappers" in the monthly tabloid *The Maine Sportsman*. Each year since 1971 he has hosted "Cronk's Trapper's Days," a convention of

sports for trappers, who have come from as far as Arizona to meet him and mingle with other trappers. For years he held Maine trapping license No. 1, a privilege that goes with being president of the Maine Trappers Association, a post he held from 1964 through 1978. The membership during that period grew from 50 to more than 1,200. He was a founding member and, until 1978, vice-president of the Sportsman's Alliance of Maine, an organization formed in 1975 to resist threats to hunting and trapping. And believing it would improve his communication with legislators as well as help him in his efforts to edify the public about trapping, he once enrolled in a Dale Carnegie course. At graduation he was voted most likely to succeed by his classmates. "I could get in front of 5,000 people today and speak to them if I had to," he says, "but leave me alone and I'll crawl back into my hole." As a political leader, Cronk was popular and known for his reasonableness—he likes people, but often sided with the animals. But despite his ventures before the public, he has led a relatively sheltered life.

Having avoided the worst of it, Cronk's reception of the world is with unreserved optimism and unfurnished faith. Like Davy Crockett, he sometimes runs across the Big Mike Fuks and usually recognizes them, but he sees their good parts and gives them the benefit of the doubt. He has the kind of trust and integrity that make it easy for him to follow his own golden bobcat-hunting rule: Follow your dog to the end of the world. Still, he knows that disillusionment lurks out there in civilization, so it's easier to deal with the wilderness. Emerson and Mother Nature are a lot safer.

Cronk has had a stomach ulcer since he was 19. He believes it's hereditary and he treats it with good humor, like a pesty old dog. He also has high blood pressure, which he was afflicted with when he was politically active. "I found out my insides didn't like me involved in a lot of 'wringlin' positions," he says. "Now I only do what's necessary for the business."

When Cronk backed out of politics, Edie took over, and in 1981 she was elected president of the Sportsman's Alliance. She's considerably more militant than Cronk had been in advocating the causes of hunters and trappers. She's a

continued



In his 38 years of hunting, Cronk figures he's taken 100 cats.

# ALLEN BANKS ACCOUNTANT BY DAY FROG BY NIGHT



When Allen's finished a taxing day at the office, he limbers his legs and really springs into action. With FROGGER™, Sega's popular arcade game, now a home video game from Parker Brothers.

Just like Allen, you can try to avoid the hazards that stand between you and your lily pad. First you have to cross a crowded highway. Then it's on to a river where rolling logs and turtle shells are all that protect you from hungry alligators.

Every Parker Brothers home video game offers a unique challenge. Like SUPER COBRA™, where you fly a helicopter through mazes, mountains and buildings while being attacked every inch of the way. Then there's STAR WARS™: THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK™, where it's up to you to destroy the Imperial Walkers before they bomb the Rebel base.

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**PARKER BROTHERS**  
VIDEO GAME CARTRIDGES  
The Ones To Beat

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strong and attractive woman with jet-black hair, a quick and spirited wit and a hale voice that can be mistaken for Cronk's over the phone. She has been his business partner since they were married in 1960; he was 30, she 21. The next year they opened Cronk's Outdoor Supplies, and now Oscar sticks mostly to the field work while Edie manages the store. "I couldn't do it without her," he says. "She's very much a part of my life, even though we spend so much time apart. She's sort of a special woman."

Cronk's Outdoor Supplies does a modest retail trade in items ranging from Maine honey to dog collars to suspenders to arcane outdoors books, such as Oscar's own Cronk's *Scientific Raccoon Trapping* and Cronk's *Scientific Muskrat Trapping*. But most of the business is in mail-ordered trapping supplies, from a catalogue the Cronks write themselves. Oscar is renowned for his scents and lures. He has more than 100 formulas, secret combinations of animals' glandular secretions. In summer he spends hours in the store's basement mixing up the musks and pouring them into little brown bottles. The odors are wafted upstairs



through the floorboards, giving Cronk's Outdoor Supplies a scent of its own.

The camp is warm and cozy and slightly smoky. Ice has formed in thick designs on the inside of all three windows; outside, the thermometer reads -15°. Dinner is finished and the dishes have been washed, and the old alarm clock has been set for 5 a.m. Cronk climbs into bed in his long underwear and reads a while, the hissing lantern lighting the pages of a tattered green book titled *Famous Frontiersmen, Pioneers and Scouts*. Cronk collects such books. Before he turns out the lantern, he performs his bedtime ritual—a woodman's way of dealing with nature. After having cheerfully excited his ulcer with things like pork chops and pickles, he rubs his belly to stir up gas, belches a few times to release it, and then fades off, snoring peacefully, a brace of as-yet-to-be-skinned beavers piled at the foot of his bunk, keeping him company as he sleeps soundly.

Next morning, another huge breakfast, including two thick slices of toast made of Edie's homemade wheat bread, topped with blueberry jam. "As busy as that woman is, rarely do I have to eat store-bought bread," he says. In the woods, snowshoeing across a clearing toward what he calls a "cedar swamp," Cronk rubs his belly as he walks. Even when not tending the ulcer, he pats it a lot, as if he were making sure it was still there. Security is strength, and strength comes from a full stomach. As with Popeye and spinach, he figures that sandwiches and cookies during the day give him "stainin' power," and he always carries some in the woods, tucked inside his shirt against his belly to keep them from freezing.

Cronk is clearly hopeful this morning and having a good time, though it's 10° below, a fresh snowfall still hasn't settled and the wind feels like pins stuck in his cheeks. "Rabbit tracks comin' up," he announces like a tour guide, as if rabbit tracks were wondrous. He could be the ultimate scoutmaster. He gets no saltier than "son of a hee," and most things are "she" to him: the weather, the truck, the wood stove, logs for the wood stove, the carburetor on the snowmobile. Dogs, cats, birds, beavers and male people are "fellas," and he imparts the obvious about them like tips from a scoutmaster: "A fella should always warm up his truck on a cold morning or she'll let him down someday."

He stops at a frozen brook, slips off his snowshoes, scrapes away the snow with a leather-mittened hand and chops a hole in the ice with his knife. He kneels on all fours and sticks his face into the hole as if he were saying hello to the little fellas down there. He comes up grinning and wiping his chin. "Ah, that's some good," he says. "It's the most elegant-tasting water you ever drank."

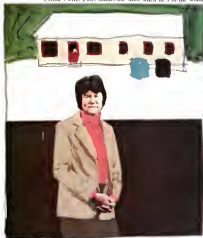
A bobcat hunter begins at first light because the sooner a track is found the hotter its scent will be. If the track was made early he'll have the 'cat's full hunt to unravel and re-live, and he knows he'll likely need all day and be led over tarnation. Starting early helps him get home before dark.

The dog's mission isn't an easy one. To start with, snow is a poor retainer of scent. Then, the wily 'cat may walk in another animal's tracks; he may circle around in his own or backtrack in them; he may even leap from a trail to a tree to another trail, making the dog think he's chasing a cat with wings. Cronk tells of one dog-wise 'cat that headed straight for the railroad tracks when he knew a dog was on him. He'd pad along them, leaving the dog futilely sniffing cold, bare steel. Two dogs got run over by trains before the hunters figured it out. The next time, they lay waiting for the 'cat and picked it off the rail like a target in a carnival shooting game.

The poor dog's frequent frustration is understandable. He might be led on his belly under thickets the 'cat weaves through easily. He might have to flail over logs the 'cat jumps effortlessly. The

continued

Cronk's wife, Edie, runs the store when he's in the woods





# JACK WHEATON STUDENT BY DAY SPIDER-MAN™ BY NIGHT



Chasing coeds all day is child's play compared to what Jack Wheaton does when schools out. That's when he dons his crime-fighting garb and starts pursuing ruthless villains. With the SPIDER-MAN™ home video game from Parker Brothers

Jack's not the only one who can save the city from the villainous GREEN GOBLIN™ and his gang of henchmen. You can swing across giant skyscrapers on your web trying to defuse deadly time bombs before they wreak havoc and destruction.

Every Parker Brothers home video game offers a unique challenge. Like AMIDAR™, where you guide gorillas and paint rollers through a maze of squares with warriors and pigs in hot pursuit. Then there's TUTANKHAM™, where it's up to you to search King Tut's tomb for hidden treasures being guarded by evil spirits.

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**PARKER BROTHERS**  
VIDEO GAME CARTRIDGES  
The Ones To Beat

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snow might be so deep in places, the dog will have to burrow like a mole. And he might finally find himself in a cedar swamp or black grove, standing bewildered in an utterly confounding cross-roads of animal tracks, including his own. Meanwhile, the 'cat may be off somewhere smirking, and even may be watching.

Wishful thinking sometimes overcomes a dog. When he finally didn't



continued

a 'cat is jumped or the scent gets so hot the dog begins dragging the hunter. After unleashing him, the hunter may lose all contact with the dog. Or he might be able to hear and follow the dog's voice, and even interpret it: a hunter can often guess

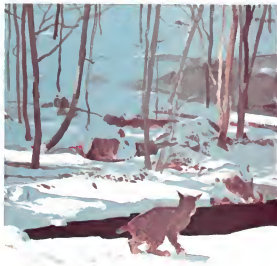
Emerson probably wouldn't have a ghost of a chance. The average 15- or 20-pound bobcat could lick him. A 30-pound 'cat would probably kill him. A bobcat fights just like a house cat. He rolls over on his back, and when the dog dives on him and tries to bite his neck, he pulls the dog against him with his front paws and works his hind feet like pistons. He cuts the dog's insides right out.

"To me, the most thrilling moment in the hunt is when the dog jumps a 'cat. Maybe it's been an hour and you've heard nothing of him, maybe two hours. You keep listening, you strain your ears—and suddenly you hear his voice. Gee, what a pretty sound that is. That's when my old heart starts thumpin'. That's when the race is really on. The hunter has been cut out of the game until then. The dog and the 'cat were having their own race out there; you're left behind. But now it's no longer just the dog and the 'cat. It's the dog, 'cat and hunter. It's a threesome there. To me, that's the most exciting part because you know that you're going to be an important part of what finally takes place. When you see a 'cat tree staring down at you, it's worth every step of the way." And one wonders how he can stare back at the little fella and blow him to smithereens.

If only the 'cat could be interviewed. Does he know he could outrun the dog if he ran directly cross-country? Does he know he could kick the insides out of the dog if he wanted to? Does he know there's a man with a gun back there following the dog? It's the dog's determination against the 'cat's cunning. And it's considered a game by the man, although no one ever asks the 'cat if he wants to play. At times it may look as if the 'cat is making a game of it, considering his control of its course, but it can't be a game because the 'cat can't win. The best it can do is break even. And the hunter can't lose because breaking even is the worst he can do.

Cronk doesn't see it as a no-win situation for the 'cat. Even if he gets killed in the end, the 'cat is ahead of the game, Cronk figures, having lived free and exciting years in the wilderness. "I don't get a kick out of killing animals," he says. "The shooting part is what I get the least satisfaction out of. When I'm chasing a 'cat I can't think, 'Boy, I'll be glad when I

continued



*Bobcats often circle back on their own trails, seemingly curious to view their pursuers' progress.*

know where to turn. Cronk's old dog Hollis used to bark up the nearest stout tree until Cronk came along, then look at him as if to say, "Well, the 'cat was up there."

Dogs are also often carried away by their enthusiasm. They sometimes literally get lost in the pursuit; a hunter may spend his day—or night, depending on how faithful he is—looking for his dog. So he usually keeps the dog leashed until

the state of the chase by the bark. A dog's voice might reflect everything from confusion to dismay to frenzy—to exhilaration if the 'cat is treed.

The 'cat usually tries only when he tires of the chase or can't lose the dog. But sometimes he'll stand his ground at the base of a tree. That worries hunters, because they are usually too far behind in the chase to prevent a fight. "A 'cat's a rugged animal," says Cronk. "A dog like

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shoot you.' Sometimes I look at him and think what a pretty animal he is. He's really a beautiful animal, and sometimes I look at a bobcat and think, 'There's a wild animal.' "

No one really knows how many bobcats there are in the Allagash; how do you count ghosts in the woods? The Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife divides the state into eight wildlife management units. The Allagash area, Unit 2, contains 8,503 square miles of bobcat habitat, and the department's best guess is that there is at least one 'cat per 10 square miles. In the last three seasons, poor for hunting because of either too much or too little snow, 47 bobcats were taken in Unit 2, 31 by trapping and 16 by hunting. (Cronk estimates he has killed about 100 in his lifetime.) The average bobcat harvest in recent years has been 400 statewide, a figure considered "healthy" by Maine wildlife officials.

There was a bounty on the bobcat in Maine from 1909 to 1975, instigated by deer hunters, because every deer killed by a 'cat was one less for them to shoot. Politically powerful because of their numbers, the deer hunters prevailed upon the state legislature to maintain the bounty—since 1935 an insultingly low \$15—until the bobcat became a conservation cause. In December 1981, as a result of a suit originated by *Defenders of Wildlife*, an injunction was issued by a U.S. District Court judge in Washington, D.C. banning all exports of bobcat pelts. The ban was lifted a year later by the same court after Congress established a new law liberalizing the standards by which the Department of the Interior can determine whether allowing the export of pelts from a state would be detrimental to a species.

At the court hearings, *Defenders of Wildlife* had unsuccessfully challenged the government's interpretation of the new law. Now *Defenders* has appealed that court's ruling and is awaiting a decision on its request for an emergency injunction to reinstate the ban pending a higher court's ruling.

Whether their pelts can be exported or not, Cronk doesn't worry about the bob-

cats' future in Maine. "The 'cats survived through the '30s and '40s," he says, "when there was a lot more hunting than there is now. They're tough; they couldn't survive these conditions if they weren't. They'll be here forever."

Last season a bobcat pelt might have brought a Maine hunter or trapper \$80.



*Bobby, it's cold outside, as a thermometer makes clear.*

down from as much as \$300 in 1979-80. It takes a dozen pelts to make a full-length coat, which can cost \$8,000. It's beautiful but not very practical because bobcat fur doesn't wear well: like that of any cat, it looks scruffy when it gets caught in the rain.

When the export ban took effect in 1981, the bottom dropped out of the bobcat pelt market. Today the bobcat invariably costs the hunter money in time, travel and equipment that he cannot hope to

recoup, which means that for most the hunting now is done for fun, not economic gain. In the leather-bound Bible by his bed, Cronk is reassured by Genesis, Chapter I, Verse 26, which says God gave man dominion over animals. He believes that means animals were put on earth for man to use, period. From a scientific standpoint, he believes in the "harvest theory," that by the careful culling of a few animals the whole crop will be strengthened. He defines a conservationist as someone who doesn't kill an animal that can't be spared, and he considers himself a strong one. Of his "Maine Trappings" column he says, "The most satisfaction I get is when I write about wildlife conservation."

Cronk sees himself—and his camp, truck, snowmobile and shotgun—as part and parcel of the balance of nature, and believes any changes he makes to that balance already have been allowed for. God certainly knows that men, dogs, shotguns and bobcats are all down here mixing it up; do you think hunting was an oversight?

Cronk and Emerson never got their bobcat that season of 1980-81. The next winter, after a busy fall trapping season—three coyote carcasses hung against the camp to feed the chickadees—Cronk had more time for bobcat hunting because of continuing low prices for beaver pelts. As late as mid-January, conditions were no better than the previous winter. There was unremitting cold and deep powder snow. So he had a lot of time to spend writing his third book, *Cronk's Scrutable Beaver Trapping*. He set a few beaver traps, at the game warden's encouragement: the beavers were busily damming the streams, and if they weren't controlled there would be flooding over the logging road in the spring. Setting the traps just before Christmas, Cronk had spotted the tracks of a 'cat on the road by Moody Bridge over on the St. John. He figured its hunting ground must be near the river to the west. That was the 'cat he would be after.

The alarm rattled at 5:30 the next morning, and Cronk threw off the blankets, restocked the stove, put on water,

*continued*



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## **"ASK ME."**

checked the thermometer and shadow-boxed. It took an hour to make breakfast, and as Cronk and Emerson left camp at 7, day was breaking. It was 22° below. The Chevy moaned before it cranked over and fired, knocking its thickened oil reluctant to leave the pan. A cloud of condensation floated from the exhaust and surrounded the pickup, as if the truck were trying to wrap itself in covers.

Moments before the sun rose it drew a hot pink band over the end of the logging road. There was an eerie blue hue covering the woods. But an hour later Cronk was reaching for his sunglasses from the dash, and the snow was shining as if it had been sprayed with a thin coat of tangerine lacquer.

Cronk spent most of the morning cranking up and down the road, fruitlessly checking the sunny side for tracks. By 11 the sun was high enough to light the north side of the road, so Cronk checked it as well. By 2 he had covered both sides for nearly 10 miles and had twice snowshoed into likely areas in the woods, all to no avail. He sat in the truck and ate two baloney sandwiches and pondered strategy as Emerson gulped chocolate-chip cookies. He was thinking of calling it a day, but Emerson seemed pretty enthusiastic, so he decided to take one more close look by Moody Bridge.

There Cronk finally found the track. It was a faint one, a few dents in the snow as if made by a bouncing Ping-Pong ball. He had missed it in the morning shadows. Cronk studied the track and followed it backward toward the woods. "Yep, that's our bobcat," he said. "My guess is it's a little one, about a 12-pounder. I'm sure the track was made sometime last night, so he's got a big head start." Cronk went back to the truck and led Emerson to the track. The dog's mismatched eyes widened before he stuffed his nose into the print, burying his face until his ears lay



continued

flat across the snow. The scent was cold, but he knew what it was; he popped up and howled to claim the discovery.

They took off on the track of the 'cat. The leashed Emerson followed the path flattened by Oscar's snowshoes, and was soon covered with the snow that flapped up from the tails of the shoes and comically floated down on him. Sometimes he would take the lead, porpoising in the powder, his tail rising from the snow like a periscope. He was silent as they walked, the track being too cold to excite him very much; the only sound in the still air was the muffled crunch of snowshoes.

Following a 'cat track is a lot harder than looking for one. It's the 'cat's route now. He meanders through alders and bushes, around trees and under boughs, over logs and across catwalks spanning brooks and gulleys. At times a machete would be useful to the hunter. Cronk and Emerson were literally walking on the tops of trees—a flimsy floor formed by the snow-covered boughs of three- and four-foot-high spruces. When they

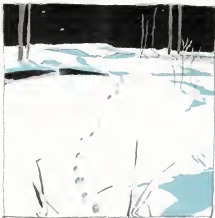
missed a bough, the bottom would collapse, and Cronk sank to his hips while Emerson dropped out of sight altogether.

It's difficult to imagine the bobcat going any slower than its pursuers: it's a case of the tortoise chasing the hare. The only way the 'cat will get caught is if he stops to nap. The hunter could be hours and hours behind, and for all he knows the 'cat is still moving, hopelessly beyond reach. But there is also a chance the 'cat is still in the area—maybe circling back—and that he might be jumped at any moment. At times like these, man's tenacity must match his dog's optimism.

The sun started sinking fast at about 3. It had been a virtually cloudless afternoon, with the temperature 12° to 15° below. Occasionally the sun had crested the spruces around a clearing, but not for long and never by much; in January there are no high noons in the Allagash. Cronk and Emerson stood at the edge of one clearing and watched the sun drop. The spot seemed a wilderness utopia. They rested, listening to their panting breath as it froze in the pink air. Then they heard a logging truck grumbling along the road a mile off. When they continued on, the track mercilessly cut back into the alders in the thicket in the cedar swamp.

Cronk had felt it coming. It was about 4 when the track led them back to the road. The moment they broke out of the woods onto the snowbank at roadside, the sun set behind the trees beyond. It was as if this really had been a game to the 'cat. He had taken them for a gentle ride, tormented them in the bushes for a while and smugly deposited them back at the start, safe and sound and precisely at quitting time, just to let them know he had controlled every step. The delicate paw prints in the snow vanished into the well-traveled glaze of the road. Emerson was left standing there, his nose pointed to the sky, sniffing madly for ghosts. **END**

*It's a lucky hunter who finds bobcat tracks he can follow clearly for any distance.*



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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 10-16

Compiled by ARMEN KETEYIAN

**PRO BASKETBALL**—Even though Julius Erving missed two games with an injured wrist, the Philadelphia 76ers, leaders in the Atlantic Division, switched their unbeaten string to 11 games—and ran their record to 11-1—by polishing off Atlanta in 109-99. Central Division leader Milwaukee 123-121. Detroit 113-105 and Indiana 114-105. Portland and Phoenix took advantage of Seattle's woe, which ran as great straight losses, to gain ground in the Pacific Division. Walter Dives closed a 3-0 week for the Suns with a career-high 36 points in a 116-101 victory over San Diego. The Suns won in second place, a half game ahead of Portland, winner of 15 of its last 19, and Seattle, who trail first-place Los Angeles by five games mainly because of NBA assistant head Magic Johnson's 19-17 game in which he broke back breaking Johnson had a career-high 21 points in a 120-101 win at Atlanta. In the Midwest Division, San Antonio sprang ahead of Kansas City despite a 118-113 loss to the Kings in N.C. Cleveland came up with a shocker, purloining 25 points from CBI Robinson and a win from 16 Free in a 100-84 split of Boston only a day after the Celtics had cracked New Jersey's club record with six straight 41 games with a scoring 133-108 loss in the Boston Garden (page 40).

**BOWLING**—GARY SKIDMORE beat Steve Cook 234-180 to win a \$175,000 PBA tournament in Anaheim, Calif.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—In the conference semifinals of the Super Bowl Tournament, the Washington Redskins again put the Minnesota Vikings 21-7, and the Dallas Cowboys defeated the Green Bay Packers 37-26 in the NFC, while the New York Jets upended the Kansas City Chiefs 17-16, and the Miami Dolphins shut down the San Diego Chargers 34-13 in the AFC (page 146).

**GOLF**—GIL MORGAN won the \$300,000 Los Angeles Open, shooting a 14-under-par 270.

**HOCKEY**—Hartford's Mickey Vernon and New Jersey's Gary Howland saw some unexpected ice time. When a snowstorm delayed the arrival of Referee Ron Fournier and Linesman Dan Marshall at Hartford Civic Center, Vernon and Howland were pressed into service. They were selected by their teams to play as substitute linemen with linemen-turned-referee Ron Fournier. Fortunately, nothing unusual happened during Fournier and Marshall arrived for the second period of an overtime 2-1 Whaler win. Boston opponents must be trying to figure out ways to keep linemen-turned-referee Pat Burns from getting to work. In helping Adams Division leader Boston to a 3-0 week, Petersen struck back Toronto 4-0 and threw back-to-back 2-0 shutouts against Quebec and the New York Rangers. They even hit 60th and 70th birthdays of the season. Petersen, who's unbeaten in his last 27 starts and has a league-leading 21 goals-scoring average, was the first player to score on high-scoring Quebec in 271 games. Despite the absence of standout goaltender Felix Lehtinen, who with a broken wrist, Philadelphia extended its club record win streak to 10 before a 4-4 tie with Norris Division leader Chicago broke the string. Freeze roller Bob Fosse's first NHL shutout, 4-0 over the Rangers, left Philly with a seven-point Patrick Division lead. Edmonton's high-octane offense continued to make a shambles of the Smythe Division rivals. The Oilers, who had 27 goals in winning 36, Loses, Chicago and Minnesota, have won 17 of their last 22 games and held second-place Calgary by 11 points. Another bright spot was burning in Buffalo. The Sabres claimed a 3-0 week with home 3-2 and away 14-21 wins over Washington, and are 9-1-1 in their last 13 starts. They trail struggling Montreal game 8.5 by only three points for second place in the Adams Division.

**INDOOR SOCCER**—MISL. The league made more news at the podium than on the playing surface. The "New York Arrows" new management announced that, to further Americanize the four-league soccer champions and bolster ticket sales, they had signed forward Steve Zampieri, leading scorer in indoor soccer (372 goals and 136 assists) and four-league league MVP on 72-hour waivers, first step toward trading Zampieri to another MISL club or to an

NASL outdoor team. The Arrows, who beat Memphis 3-0 and Los Angeles 4-0 in draws within two games of Eastern Division leaders Baltimore, Cleveland and Chicago, also announced the signing of Duke University sweeper and Hermann Trophy-winner Joe Ubrich, a New York native, to a one-year contract. In the Western Division race, the management of the Phoenix Inferno, tied with Wichita for first place, disclosed that the club had been purchased by cable-TV magnate Bruce Merritt for \$175,000 in a bankruptcy court sale.

**TENNIS**—MARTINA NAVRATILLOVA won a \$150,000 women's indoor tournament in Houston by beating Sylvia Hanika 6-3, 7-6, in the finals.

**TRACK & FIELD**—A world indoor record fell in an international meet in Ottawa. BILLY OLSON, 24, vaulted 18' 10" to erase his own mark of 18' 10" established last year.

**MILITARY**—ACQUIRED By the New York Mets, Right-handed Pitcher MIKE TOMRZEL, 36, from the Boston Red Sox for a player to be named later.

**ELECTED** To the Baseball Hall of Fame, 16-time Gold Glove Third Baseman BROOKS ROBINSON, 45, of the Baltimore Orioles and San Francisco pitcher JUAN MARICHAL, 45, who had a career record of 243-142.

**FINED** By Baseball Commissioner BOBIE KLIN, New York Yankee owner GEORGE STEINBORN, \$2,500 and Chicago White Sox owners EDDIE EINHORN, 37, and JERRY REINSBORO, 46, \$1,500 after a public exchange of insults last month following the free-agent signings of Oaklander STEVE KEMP by New York and pitcher FLOYD BANNISTER by the White Sox.

**THIRD** As coach of the Atlanta Falcons, LEE MAN BENNETT, 44, who had a 46-41 record and took the Falcons to the playoffs in three of his six seasons.

By the Seattle Sounders, Coach ALAN HENTON, 40, who had a 58-38 record and took his team to the 1992 Soccer Bowl during his three seasons.

**HIRED** As manager of the New York Yankees, BILLY MARTIN, 54, who previously held the same job from August 1973 to July 1978 and June 1979 to December 1979. Martin signed a reported four-year, \$2.5 million contract and became the fourth manager in major league history to manage the same team more than twice.

As USFL football coaches, by the Arizona Wranglers, DOUG SHIVELY, 44, formerly the Atlanta Falcons' head coach, by the Philadelphia Stars, JIM MORA, 47, ex-cowboy defensive coordinator of the New England Patriots.

**RESIGNED** As coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, DICK VERMEIL, 46, a self-professed workaholic who said he was "emotionally burned out" after 23 years in a football coach. Vermeil, who had a 54-77 regular-season record in seven seasons in Philadelphia, was replaced by his defensive coordinator, MARION CAMPBELL, 53, who signed to a five-year contract for an undisclosed sum.

As coach of the Minnesota North Stars, GLEN SORHOLM, 53, also resigned, he was "emotionally burned out" after 40½ seasons and 133-125-71 record. Sorholm was replaced by Assistant Coach Murray Oliver, 45, for the remainder of the season.

As football coach at Iowa State after an 18-24-2 record in four seasons, DONNIE DUNCAN, 42.

**SIGNED** By the USFL Washington Federals, SMU linback CRAIG JAMES, 22, to a four-year contract for an undisclosed sum, by the USFL Birmingham Stallions, Southwestern University Quarterback REGGIE COLLIER, 21, to a reported five-year, \$1 million contract.

**TRADED** By the Cleveland Cavaliers, forward SCOTT WEDMAN, 36, to the Boston Celtics for forward DARRIN TILLIS, 21, a 1981 first-round draft pick, and an undisclosed amount of cash.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



ERIC RYNOLDE  
Seattle, Calif.



CHRISTINE CUYTIN  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Eric, a Camarillo High senior, and Chris, a junior at Nephew High, each defeated 33 other regional qualifiers to win the boys' and girls' titles, respectively, at the Kimmey National High School Cross Country Championships. Eric set course and meet records by running the 1,000 meters in 14.35, 7 to defeat Mike Cation of Green Lane, Pa. by 1.39. Chris, the nation's top girl distance runner, beat Michelle Rowen of Turnersville, N.J. by 3.7, running the 5,000 in 16:58.6.



JEFF MARD  
Natick, N.C.

Jeff, a 6'0" Natick High senior guard, broke the school single-game record of 45 points, set in 1959 by his father, Lemmy, now the Natick basketball coach, by scoring 63 points in a 90-78 defeat of Acme-Delco. He was 25 of 31 from the floor.



PAT MURSON  
Houston, Texas

Murson, 73, shot one of the lowest strokes-under-par scores ever when he carded a five-under-par 65 over the 6,264-yard Green Meadows Golf Club course in Bristowville. His record included 81 birdies and was his best in 59 years of golf.



MARSHA LUTZ  
Massena Harbor

Lutz, 35, an Air Force major, was second in the women's division of the Intervenor Worldwide Racquetball Championships in 1981 and '82 as the USAF won back-to-back team titles. She was the only female repeat medalist on her team.



BRENT FULWOOD  
St. Cloud, Fla.

Brent, a 197-pound senior pitcher at St. Cloud High, set a national high school record when he ran three knockouts back for TDs of 90, 80 and 89 yards in a 47-28 win over Leesburg High. He led the state in scoring with 171 points in 10 games.

### CREDITS

4.—Lane Stewart, 34, 10.—Manny Miller, 10, 10.—Manny Miller, 10, 10.—Andy Felt, 20.—Pete Felt, 10, 10.—John Jones, 10, 10.—John Jones, 10, 10.—C. Mody, 10.—John Mody, 10.—Ronald C. Mody, 10.—Pat Bennett, 10.—Carl Baker, 10.—Manny Miller, 10.—George Tatum, 10.—Manny Miller, 10.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## ENLIGHTENED FOOTBALL

Sir

Congratulations to John Underwood for his fine article on Notre Dame (*Clearing a Special Light*, Jan. 10). I was very impressed by his unbiased and honest approach to the story. As a former varsity hockey player at Notre Dame who never really saw any action—I was a walk-on—I can attest to the fact that athletes there do not receive any special privileges and are not treated any differently from the rest of the student body. As Underwood said, being able to schedule our classes so that they didn't conflict with practice was the only so-called benefit. We were allowed to sign up for courses before the rest of the student body and before the courses in high demand became full.

With the type of student-athlete that Notre Dame attracts, it was no surprise to see football players in my organic chemistry lecture class and lab. As I have now moved on to graduate school at the University of Oklahoma, I've seen a different side of college football. For instance, going through an Oklahoma football program, I couldn't help but notice that of the 60 or so Sooners pictured, about 25 had listed either recreation or communications as their major. I am not trying to single out Oklahoma as the only school where football players seem more concerned about becoming professionals than earning a college degree, but when I was there, Notre Dame didn't even offer a course called recreation!

MICHAEL P. MORRISSETTE  
Oklahoma City

Sir

"If you cheat, you'll be out of here before midnight." If every college president had the guts to give his coaches the same two-minute speech Father Edmund P. Joyce delivers to Notre Dame coaches, intercollegiate athletics would not be in the mess they are today.

Congratulations to Notre Dame and SI for showing that athletes can live with regular students, take non-jock courses and earn degrees while excelling in a first-rate college sports program. Long live the student-athlete!

TOM MONAHAN  
Jeffersonville, Ind.

Sir

Many thanks to John Underwood for his insightful article on Notre Dame. It was refreshing to read about an emphasis on academics and strong leadership from the top in a major college athletic program. Coincidentally, your cover story in this same issue highlighted the first national football championship for Penn State's Joe Paterno, or as John Papanek appropriately described him, the

most deserving coach in America. Paterno has developed another football program that has succeeded while remaining beyond NCAA reproach. In his 33 years of coaching at Penn State, including 17 as head coach, he has stressed academics, and he remains prouder of his team's graduation percentage—according to the Penn State football guide, more than 90% of his scholarship players have graduated—than his own remarkable winning percentage of .824. Paterno's commitment to academics was evidenced this season by Penn State's having three student-athletes on the Academic All-America first team. Penn State was the only university to have as many as three

BOB BATES  
Cicero, Ind.

Sir

It hurt me to read that an intelligent and sensitive individual like Alan Page has "no nostalgia" for our common alma mater. However, it comes as no surprise. A review of the roster of Notre Dame's 1966 national championship team reveals that he was the only black on the team. This reflects a fact not touched upon in your article on Irish athletics, i.e., Notre Dame's utopia doesn't have much room for those who make up the cream of the athletic crop, the disadvantaged black poor.

I only hope that the subsequent generations of black Golden Domers have been able to feel more a part of the tradition. If they have, then Father Hesburgh's utopian dreams might really be true.

TED PETERS  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

When Notre Dame announced in the fall of 1969 that it had decided to accept an invitation to play in a postseason bowl game for the first time since 1925, Father Edmund P. Joyce said, "The crucial consideration was the urgent need of the university for funds to finance minority student academic programs and scholarships. Notre Dame's share of [1970] bowl-game proceeds will be dedicated to this pressing university need." The fact that 25 of the 95 scholarship players on the 1982 Notre Dame football team were black—the figures are eight of 13 for the basketball team—would indicate that the school has had some success in its quest. However, Notre Dame officials readily concede that the recruiting of minority students—who constitute 8.8% of the overall enrollment—is a matter of continuing concern.—ED.

Sir

The article made me feel very proud to be the unofficial president of the Notre Dame

Subway Alumni—especially because it was written by the fault-finding king, John Underwood, who found the Irish faults to be few and far between. Yes, academics are important, but I sure wish the football team would win a few more games.

DAN PINNETTE  
Fresno, Calif.

Sir

You've proved to me that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is soft on Notre Dame. In the prime time of college football recruiting, the sometimes fighting Irish spent another New Year's Day watching the bowl games from the sidelines of their living rooms. No record, no exposure. No free publicity.

Also, no problems enter the obligatory piece on how Notre Dame is the next best thing to paradise in college athletics, presented on no fewer than 11 pages, background courtesy of the university's top two administrators. That's like asking Don King if anything is amiss in pro boxing.

Why is Notre Dame unique? Examine your own publication. When it comes to media coverage that borders on propaganda, the Irish are a majority of one.

JOHN C. HARTLE  
Butler, Pa.

## HARD-WON NO. 1

Sir

As a die-hard Penn State football fan, I offer my hearty congratulations to John Papanek on his superbly written account of the Sugar Bowl game (*Just How 'Bout Them Lions?*, Jan. 10). Coach Joe Paterno is truly deserving of this elusive national championship. His loyalty and the dignity he has brought to Penn State are indicative of his class, and Todd Blackledge and Curt Warner are products of his emphasis on character and fundamentals. Seventeen years is a long time to wait, but that makes the championship all the more sweet.

MICHAEL ZUCCARIELLO  
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir

It's a terrible shame that once-beaten Penn State was ranked No. 1 and undefeated SMU No. 2. Shouldn't it be the other way around? Let's hear it for the SMU Mustangs!

DAVID RAMSEY  
Mason, Ohio

## JOE DEFALCO

Sir

Your article on "expert deer hunter" Joe Defalco (*"Hey, You Wanna Deer?"*, Jan. 10) is offensive to the experienced deer hunter. As a time when there are more than enough antihuman nuts on the loose, this story only

continued

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GEORGE HOUSER  
Rome, Pa.

Sir:— a truck air horn blasts so that people and deceased deer can be picked up. "Deceased?" How about "killed" or "kain"? Please don't forget that while Joe DeFaleo may consider hunting deer with a party of 35, rifles and side-band radios a sport, there are others who consider it an atrocity.

SCOTT GEWIRTZ  
Mountain Lakes, N.J.

Sir: Robert H. Boyk's article was simply beautiful, and it seems he couldn't have written it about a better sportsman than Joe DeFaleo. The article depicted what I have been trying to stress to non-hunters about the sport—that hunters come from all walks of life and are not as bad as they are made out to be.

DALE J. KUNKLE  
University Park, Pa.

PAUL ZIMMERMAN'S ALL-PROS  
Sir:

Dr. Z has done it again! *The Cream of a Sour Season*, Jan. 10? Few have recognized Tampa Bay's Hugh Green as the finest out-

side linebacker in football. The good doctor is an astute observer of football excellence.

It's refreshing that a notable media representative selected an All-Pro team based on actual talent and current performance. Too often all-star selections are a product of media popularity and past accomplishments.

VAN MAYROS  
Gainesville, Fla.

Sir: Dr. Z should be hit with a malpractice suit for overlooking Ken Anderson in favor of Dan Fouts as All-Pro quarterback. And choosing Dwight Clark over Marcus Allen as Player of the Year is incomprehensible. Come on, Dr. Z. Before you reach a diagnosis, do a thorough examination.

PAUL K. MCGOWAN  
East Liverpool, Ohio

DR. DRESSENDORFER'S REPLY  
Sir:

In his article *To the Limit and Beyond* (Dec. 27-Jan. 3), Kenny Moore masterfully weaves his philosophy of road racing with exercise science. Moore experienced several exercise-related medical problems during the Great Hawaiian Footrace that are not uncommon in seasoned runners. For the record, "heart-blood red" accurately describes the

color of Moore's urine specimen, which was bright red and grossly bloody, not dark red or the burgundy color of myoglobinuria as suggested by Gary Newman, M.D. (19th Hole, Jan. 10) in his archaic diagnosis of this problem. Numerous free and clotted red blood cells were visible on microscopic inspection.

Such cases of transient bloody urine in runners are typically not associated with impaired kidney function. Of the 25 male runners we studied during the Great Hawaiian Footrace, none showed any evidence of acute kidney failure.

Also it should be noted that Moore's blood tests were positive for elevation of both skeletal muscle and heart enzymes. The significance of these findings will be discussed in a medical journal article, where the data will be available for standard peer review.

RUDOLPH H. DRESSENDORFER, Ph.D.  
Director, Exercise Laboratories  
William Beaumont Hospital  
Royal Oak, Mich.

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